

O S R I C,

A Missionary Tale,

WITH

THE GARDEN, AND OTHER POEMS.

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MDCCCLX.



OSRIC,

A MISSIONARY TALE.

CANTO I

'Tis eve :—ascending high, the ocean storm
Spreads in dark volumes his portentous form ;
His hollow breezes, bursting from the clouds,
Distend the sail, and whistle through the shrouds.
Roused by the note of elemental strife,
The swelling waters tremble into life ,
Lo ! through the tumult of the dashing spray,
The storm beat vessel labours on her way.
With bending mast, rent sail, and straining sides,
High on the foaming precipice she rides,
Then reeling onward with descending prow,
In giddy sweep, glides to the gulf below ;
Her fragile form conflicting billows rock,
Her timbers echo to the frequent shock,

While bursting o'er the deck, each roaring wave
 Bears some new victim to a hideous grave
 The voice of thunder rides upon the blast,
 And the blue death fire plays around the mast
 Beneath the pennon of a riven sail,
 That vessel drives, abandoned to the gale
 Above, more darkly frowns the brow of night,
 Beneath, the waters glow more fiercely bright,
 Ploughing a track of mingled foam and fire,
 Fast flies the ship before the tempest's ire,
 While iceling to and fro the hapless crew
 Gaze on the wild abyss, and shudder at the view

Dread was the night but oh! how doubly dread
 That scene, displayed through morning's dusky red
 There where her headlong course the vessel bends,
 One rugged line of frowning rocks ascends,
 In giant height, magnificently steep,
 They reared their towering forms above the deep
 Wild and fantastic, bleak and black they rise,
 And pile their mighty masses to the skies
 No friendly port that awful wall divides,
 But one impervious bulwark spurns the tides

To heap new horrors on the yawning grave,
 A bounding iceberg glitters on the wave
 In wild dismay the mimic town they near,
 Where lofty spires and pinnacles appear,
 High and majestic gleams its snow-capped head,
 And wide beneath the main its fatal base is spread.

Retiring at the glance of cheerful day,
 Far to the west the tempest rolls away,
 Yet, with faint hands and sinking hearts, the crew
 Resume their posts, and trim the ship anew,
 For still the frozen isle, with threatening sweep,
 Hangs on their path and thunders through the deep,
 Pursues with giant speed its rolling way,
 And seems to nod upon the destined prey.
 Her doom is past—heaved on the icy rock,
 She strikes, and staggers from the thrilling shock.
 The glassy base no kind support affords,
 While waves rush fiercely through the severed boards
 Foundering apace, with tottering hull she floats
 A moment—they have loosed the ready boats :—
 In mute despair they gaze upon the wreck,
 As playful billows gambol o'er her deck ;
 One cry of desolation echoes loud,
 While sinks the stately mast, wrapped in a liquid
 shroud.

They strain the oars, and spread their puny sails,
 To catch the breathing of the softened gales ;
 Coasting all day along the rocky shore,
 Some opening creek for shelter to explore,
 Deeming that wild and rugged steep must own
 An inlet to Columbia's mountain throne.
 As fades the day, the angry breakers rise,
 And many an echo to their roar replies ;
 Drear is the sound, and wild the rustling breeze,
 They furl the sail, the diving oar they seize—

Still, in the glances of his eagle eye,
 Shone inward peace, and calm philosophy;
 By temperance nurtured, on his native soil,
 His hardy frame defied disease and toil :—
 Oft when luxurious viands steamed around,
 The hermits fare his simple meal had crowned ;
 He knew the wants of nature to supply,
 Those wants unsatisfied, to smile and die.

What lacked he yet?—he lacked the heaven-taught lore,
 Prospering to bend, and chastened to adore.
 His pliant mind, in philosophic schools,
 Was warped to systems formed by specious rules ;
 With reason's dim, unaided eye, he saw
 Creation swayed by one unchanging law ;
 Evil and good promiscuously he found ;
 Rapture and woe trod their alternate round—
 Man seemed the sport of Fortune, made in vain,
 His life, a bark launched on the treacherous main ;
 Reason his pilot, fickle chance the breeze,
 Death the sole port on those uncertain seas ;
 Thence, landing on an undiscovered shore,
 The disembodied spirit might explore
 Regions, in more than earthly splendour bright,
 Or scenes of darkness, and eternal night ;
 But all was wrapped in one mysterious shroud,
 Nor reason's keenest gaze could pierce the cloud.

Yet deemed he not but some Eternal Cause
 Formed the high scheme, and fixed the wond'rous laws ;

Wheeled the round earth, upon her viewless pole,
 And gave the planetary spheres to roll ;
 Called Nature blooming from her annual grave,
 Swelled the dark tide, and curbed the rising wave ;
 Gave man the soul that sparkles in his eye,
 And formed that soul for immortality :
 Creator infinite, and Judge alone,
 This God should summon them before his throne,
 And speak a doom of bliss or woe on all,
 Equal and just, and fixed beyond recall.
 Yet more, he knew that, pitying mortal woe,
 God's Son, incarnate, had sojourned below ;
 Had lived in poverty, and guiltless died,
 For wretched man some blessing to provide.
 But darkly were these living truths impressed,
 With dubious outline, upon Osric's breast.

What marvel, then, God's work so faintly known,
 Osric should rest his hope upon his own,
 And build a towering castle on the sand,
 And glory in the labours of his hand ?
 But clouds unlooked-for veil his summer skies,
 The rain descends, the stormy winds arise,
 And wave succeeding wave must yet assail,
 Ere the strong fabric of his hope shall fail,
 Show him the vengeance of a righteous God,
 And leave him shelterless beneath the rod ;
 While the stern voice of Justice, from the sky,
 Proclaims, " The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

Ask not the long dark story of his woes,
 But view the sufferer, wrapped in sweet repose.
 Beneath a crag, with dripping sea-weed hung,
 His weary frame the cast-away hath flung;
 Ev'n ruthless Memory slumbers o'er the tale,
 And Fancy's unsubstantial mockeries fail;
 No longer summoned by her idle wand,
 Unreal phantoms live at her command—
 Shadows of joys for ever passed away,
 Mistrustful bodings of the coming day,
 Or visionary bliss that Reason spurns,
 Though the fond heart to such illusion turns
 As deadly like the sun's untempered ray,
 Strike to the brain, and while they dazzle slay :
 Quaffing unseen the moisture that supplies
 Life's fragile stem, they dance, while the poor victim dies.
 But all were banished now, and slumber spread
 Her darkest, dreamless mantle, o'er his head,
 Till morning's ray gleamed o'er the gilded wave,
 And cheered the rude apartment of his cave.
 The sunbeam resting on the sleeper's eye,
 Bade him arise to life and memory :
 He felt that strange, mysterious, waking pain
 That thrills the heart, and presses on the brain,
 When some deep anguish of the former night,
 But half remembered, floats before the sight ;
 The sickening soul turns inward from the view
 Of deprivations terrible and new—
 A loved-one whose expiring sigh is o'er,
 Or living, parted—to return no more.

Osric arose, and gazed upon the scene ;
 No vestige told where death had lately been ;
 No corpse was cast upon the stony steep ;
 No wreck appeared upon the azure deep ;
 The wind was hushed, and leisurely the wave
 Rolled, with soft dirges, o'er the seaman's grave :
 And lo ! he sees the fatal iceberg ride,
 With languid motion stealing o'er the tide.
 Wonder and grief with admiration swell,
 While his moist eyes upon its movements dwell ;
 It seemed as broken rocks and ruined towers,
 Together met, were clad by snowy showers,
 While here and there, a lovely palace shone
 In crystal, gemmed with many a brilliant stone ;
 Prismatic hues, lent by the morning's ray,
 In living lustre o'er its surface play ;
 So beauteous and so terrible, it glows
 With summer tints, and frowns with winter snows.
 Its frozen bulk seemed destined to retain
 A giant strength, coeval with the main ;
 Vain thought ! arrested in its proud career,
 The bright destroyer paused, as smote with fear,
 Trembled a space, then heaved with mighty swell,
 And in ten thousand glittering fragments fell,
 Self-rent, and bursting with tremendous roar,
 Redoubled thunders echoed from the shore ;
 A whirlwind swept upon the troubled tide,
 Ploughed by its wing, the sullen waves divide ;
 Engulfed in ocean's bed those fragments lie,
 And all is tranquil sea, and cloudless sky.

One gleam of rapture broke on Osric's gloom,
 "Relentless murderer ! thou hast met thy doom."
 Accents low-breathed now fell upon his ear,
 The voice was foreign, and the speaker near.
 The sudden sound his quick attention drew,
 A band of swarthy Indians met his view ;
 Half menacing they stood, with silent vaunt,
 But what the courage of despair shall daunt ?
 Hunger and toil had faded Osric's eye,
 Yet could not quell his inborn majesty :
 Equal to him the doom, or life, or death—
 His native speech he deemed were idle breath :
 With brow unruffled, lips sedately closed,
 On their dark visages his look reposed,
 Admiring while they held their low debate,
 In harsh deep accents, on the captive's fate.

Equipped for chase, yet well prepared for strife,
 Each holds the hunter's spear, the warrior's knife ;
 A bear-skin mantle from the neck depends,
 The shoulder veils, and to the knee descends ;
 A slighter vest, with gay embroidery graced,
 In plenteous folds is gathered round the waist ;
 A belt was furnished by the slaughtered deer,
 Where the broad axe and tomahawk appear ;
 While a young otter's undivided skin
 Contains the hunter's simple stores within :
 The garment's lower edge strong buskins meet,
 And well-constructed sandals grace the feet.

Nor Europe's pale, nor Afric's sable stain,
 O'er the strong features of the Indian reign ;
 Small, dark, and exquisitely formed, the eye
 Darts forth an eagle glance of scrutiny ;
 The long straight hair, and thin o'er-arching brow,
 Are ebon black ; the teeth as driven snow.
 In each bold visage might our Osric trace
 A semblance to the wild Egyptian race,
 Or those who groaning under Egypt's rod,
 Were succoured by the arm of Jacob's God.

While yet the strange and warlike group he scanned,
 The seeming chief approached him from the band,
 And soon, in pleased astonishment he hung
 On the loved accents of his native tongue :
 With speech imperfect, but in friendly tone,
 The Indian bade him make his purpose known—
 Unfruitful was the scene ; why wander there ?
 What was his country ? and his comrades where ?
 Short was the tale, and barely was it said,
 Ere with rude haste the barren ground they spread.
 Sweet as the manna, and the rock-born wave,
 That God's free bounty in the desert gave
 To famished Israel, was that simple feast
 His mercy furnished for a thankless guest :
 Thankless to Him whose all-sufficient care
 Feeds the unthinking wanderers of the air ;
 Thankless to Him who snatched him from the tide,
 Preserved his being, and his wants supplied.

—Their master's crib the very oxen know,
But man considers not from whom his blessings flow.

Osric in early youth had loved to store
His mind with poesy and classic lore ;
With glowing hope, and ardour unsubdued,
The opening vista of the world he viewed ;
From academic shades and rural bowers,
That prospect seemed a wilderness of flowers ;
He tried the path that bloomed so falsely fair,
The noxious reptile and the thorn were there ;
Some foul deception, or some piercing grief,
In ambush lurked behind each fragrant leaf,
And all that shone with such alluring glow,
Three words comprised—vice, vanity, and woe.
Where was the view sublime, the mighty plan,
That almost deified the soul of man ?
The flame that lightened o'er the lofty page
Of Grecian poet, philosophic sage ?
Was Virtue from the world for ever flown,
Or only banished to some clime unknown ?
Interest could wear her semblance for a while,
And Falsehood, robed like Truth, could stab and smile.
But he had seen each vizard rent away,
And their dark forms unveiled in open day,
Till heart-sick and ashamed, he half believed
The poet senseless, and the sage deceived.
Yet would the pride of his unhumbled mind
Reject a view so mean of human kind :

He hoped the arts of luxury and gain
 Alone had fixed the deep unwonted stain,
 And nought of foul corruption had defiled
 The poor untutored offspring of the wild.
 Oft had he mused on such beguiling theme,
 Beside the windings of his native stream ;
 And exiled now from his paternal land,
 Disowned by those who grew beneath his hand,
 Houseless and friendless, on a foreign shore,
 When the rude Indian gave his little store,
 And strove, with untaught hospitable wile,
 His hopes to nourish, and his woes beguile,
 It seemed as Fate had spread before his view
 A living proof that stamped his system true ;
 And while new joys his ardent soul expand,
 He links his fortunes to the roving band,
 With them to traverse mountain, wood, and swamp,
 And seek a welcome in their distant camp.
 To rest they dedicate the passing day,
 To-morrow speeds them on their inland way.

In Osric's heart what strong emotions swell,
 When wafting to the main his last farewell,
 And when, receding from the rocky shore,
 In distance he has lost the solemn roar,
 And entered on a scene so wildly strange,
 It seemed as magic art produced the change.

Since earliest break of morn they had pursued
 A narrow pathway through the tangled wood ;

In one unbroken mass above their head,
 The canopy of woven boughs was spread,
 So closely blended, that the noon-tide ray
 Died as the glance of faint departing day.
 Crossed and recrossing still, on every side,
 A thousand ways the endless paths divide,
 That he who dared the vent'rous maze, nor knew
 The secret symbols and mysterious clue,
 Should in a cheerless labyrinth wander on,
 Till strength and courage, hope and life were gone,
 But, bold and confident, the Indian guide
 Pressed on his way, and plucked the boughs aside ;
 Oft where he passed, his knife, with tempered blade,
 In the strong bark the quick incision made ;
 With keen, cool eye, unhesitating tread,
 Through the long day th' unvarying march he led,
 And now, at evening's golden hour, they stood
 Upon the further confines of the wood.
 O ! never had fair Albion's bright domains,
 Her fertile meadows and enamelled plains,
 Her graceful hills, rich groves, and shining streams,
 And harvests, ripening in autumnal beams,
 Thrilled Osric's bosom with such full delight,
 As the wild scene now bursting on his sight.

The farewell tints of day, retiring slow,
 Reflected on a crystal surface, glow ;
 The sportive windings of that lake display
 The pigmy harbour, and the mimic bay ;

A thousand wave-born flowers, in naval pride,
 Spread their broad leaves, and rest upon the tide :
 Dappling the bank, in rival grace, are seen
 The many coloured offspring of the green ;
 There the huge granite rocks abruptly rise,
 And sparkle bright, in variegated dyes.
 Above, dark groves their leafy honors bow,
 Like nodding plumage on a warrior's brow :
 The lofty cedar, and majestic pine,
 And fragrant spruce, their towering shade combine .
 Of giant growth, the maple spreads around,
 Distilling honey from the casual wound ;
 The changeful beechen tree, and mellow larch,
 And silver birch, that broken crag o'erarch ;
 The endless garland of the woodland vine,
 Round each tall trunk aspires, with graceful twine,
 Then flings the light festoon from spray to spray,
 And bends, with playful sweep, her downward way,
 Falls on the frowning precipice beneath,
 And decks its rugged brow with verdant wreath.
 From frequent fissure, trickling soft and slow,
 The loitering streamlets whisper as they go ;
 A broad cascade foams down the mountain side,
 Springs from the rock, and plunges in the tide.
 Soft melancholy stole o'er Osric's breast,
 As the fond thought arose—' here could I rest !'
 And when at night the trembling moon-beam played
 On the far bosom of the white cascade,
 Whose mighty murmurs, half in distance drowned,
 Scarce called an echo from the rocks around,

Where leafy shades, expanding deep and wide,
 Waved in rich contrast to the shining tide :
 Oh, then he felt, as they can feel alone
 Who bear some sorrow, to the world unknown,
 And shun, with sickly jealousy refined,
 The cold, half sympathy of human kind,
 Yet fancy every idle breeze that blows,
 Sighs in compassion, and partakes their woes.
 Dreaming of unsubstantial solace here,
 They cannot rise beyond their native sphere.
 Though heaven-born Mercy gives the mild command
 To rest each weight upon Jehovah's hand,
 Although Omnipotence would stoop to bear
 Our puny burdens, and to soothe our care,
 The lofty littleness of wayward man
 Cleaves to his own, and scorns his Maker's plan,
 Endures, with stubborn hardihood, the rod,
 But hears not the appointing voice of God,
 Nor listens to that long-enduring cry,
 " Turn, thoughtless one—Oh wherefore wilt thou
 die ! "

Still had the musing wanderer held his way
 Beneath the spangled sky, and soothing ray,
 But now, with sudden burst of splendour, blazed
 The crackling pile his Indian friends had raised
 To scare the prowling wolf—the crimson glow
 Flashed on the lake, and dyed the mountain's brow.
 Where is the beam that robed erewhile the hill
 In silvery beauty ? It is shining still,

But seen no more. From man's dark bosom driven,
 How oft will earth-born flames chase the pure light of
 heaven !

The morn arose, and many a morning sun
 Must rise, ere yet their changeful task be done ;
 To wind through woody solitudes their way,
 Or bide on shadeless plains the sultry ray :
 To pause, with some expansive lake in view,
 And fell the tree, and form the slight canoe,
 Launch that frail bark upon the level tide,
 And fleetier than the circling swallow glide ;
 Then draw their vessel to the farther strand,
 Poise its light form, and bear it o'er the land.
 With panting breath and weary foot, to climb
 Where more than Alpine summits tower sublime ;
 Or, with deliberate, cautious step, to pass
 The verdant treachery of the deep morass,
 Where flowers, in wild uncultured beauty blow,
 To shade the watery death that yawns below ;
 Fed by the liquid store, they shoot on high,
 To court the gaze of an unclouded sky,
 And tints so glowing, forms so passing fair,
 Had never crowned the florist's choice parterre ;
 So frail the sod that bears those living gems,
 It trembles underneath their waving stems,
 Where snakes, in vest of painted armour gay,
 Amid the glossy foliage glide away :
 The humming-bird steals to the flower's embrace,
 Loveliest and least of all the feathered race,

Reclined in silken bells, concealed from view,
 Feasts on perfume, and sips the honied dew,
 Then spreads the azure wing, and tiny crest,
 And seems a blossom severed from the rest,
 And stolen by the breeze, who came to bear
 Some velvet trophy from a scene so fair.
 Such was the morn, and when the closing night
 Called from repose the winged bands of light,
 The sparkling fire-fly tribes, and bade them rise
 A brilliant transcript of the starry skies,
 Spangling the leaf, and sporting round the flower,
 Cheering, with muncie ray, the moonless hour,
 While here the ruby, there the topaz glowed,
 And emerald tints a glassy lustre showed ;
 Where, darting through the gloom, they rose on high,
 As bearing some mysterious embassy
 To distant shrubs, and o'er the glittering plain
 Returned, in busy idleness again :
 A scene so wild, so beautiful, so new,
 And so intangible—to Osric's view
 It seemed the very book of fate displayed,
 Destruction's self in witchery arrayed ;
 And all the sullen joy the cynic knows
 Shone in his eye, as rapid thoughts arose
 Of flowery snares, that lure mankind to pass
 O'er the deep hollows of the world's morass,
 Where noiseless ruin unsuspected lies
 To watch her victim, and secure the prize.

The Indian guide, Ayuta, long had sate
 In solemn councils, skilled in deep debate,
 For wily prudence famed, by close intrigue
 To form with stronger tribes the favouring league,—
 Oft when some angry nation came from far,
 To lift the ruthless tomahawk of war,
 Ayuta's policy would calm the breast,
 And smoothly lull the rising storm to rest,
 Above the dreadful hatchet close the ground,
 And hand the calumet of peace around.
 His fluent tongue could echo every tone
 And call each various dialect its own,
 Nor could the eye of keen observance trace
 One changeful passion in his studious face
 Late had he travelled through the eastern lands,
 Long colonized by European hands,
 And when in woods of game their journey lay,
 And wide dispersed, the hunters sought their prey
 Ayuta would recline by Osric's side,
 Where the dark spruce a fragrant shade supplied,
 And tell how first to that unconquered shore
 A floating house the white invaders bore,
 Who craved a shelter from the piercing gale,
 Till Spring's young breath should waft their homeward sail
 Preserved by Indian pity, they surveyed
 • The goodly land, and their kind hosts betrayed
 Departing with the Spring, ere Autumn fell,
 Once more upon the coast their streamers swell,
 A various crew, by numbers bolder grown,
 They claimed a tract of country for their own,

And when repulsed, from tubes with sulphurous breath
 Their bursting thunder roared and scattered death.
 Back to his woods the fear-struck native fled,
 Whose labyrinths long defied the stranger's tread ;
 While these, increasing to a countless band,
 Spread deep and wide, and triumphed o'er the land.
 To ampler bounds their growing hosts aspire,
 While far, and farther still, the hapless tribes retire.
 Remote from ocean, toward the rosy west,
 A mighty space the Indian yet possessed,
 And leagued in amity the nations stood,
 To guard the spreading lake, the sheltering wood ;
 Should rival chiefs, in their sequestered dell,
 Bid the wild war-whoop for a moment swell ;
 The evil impulse of the white man came
 To rive the wound, recal the dying flame :
 His cruel wile by sad observance known,
 First to divide, then conquer each alone.
 But the Great Spirit, foe to wrong and ill,
 Loved his red children, and preserved them still.

So told the chief.—Through Osric's every vein,
 Resentful pity thrilled, and stern disdain :
 " These are thy trophies, proud, enlightened man ;
 This is thy high design, thy generous plan ;
 This grateful meed the artless Indian won,
 By Christian piety these deeds are done !
 Far nobler light illumed the savage breast,
 That unsuspecting warmed a viperous guest,

Than spread religion's pageant o'er the sod,
Where ruffians ravaged in the name of God !”

Thus vaunts Philosophy ; but deems she right ?
Can deeds of darkness robe the sons of light ?
Religion owns not them who bear the brand
Of Mammon on their front, and in their hand ;
Go, view the record—he may run who reads—
What says it ? ‘ Ye shall ken them by their deeds.’
O who can tell the horrors of their lot,
When the stern Judge exclaims, “ I know ye not !”
Woe, double woe, be to the souls that lay
A stumbling-stone across a brother's way !
Woe, treble woe, to those who give a theme
That bids the vaunting enemy blaspheme,
While deeds of rage, and avarice, and shame,
Mar the sweet savour of the Christian name !

A mountain's brow the travellers had won,
And lo ! their weary pilgrimage was done.
Borne from the deep recesses of the glen,
Ascending sounds told the abode of men ;
And there, o'ercanopied with living green,
Low and uncouth, the Indian huts were seen,
Where lofty pine, and oak with ample breast,
Enclosed in guardian care each feeble guest.
Of conic form the lowly dwellings stood,
Detached, and scattered through the sheltering wood,
Built of rude stems, with beechen bark o'erlaid,
And boughs yet mantled in their leafy shade.

A broad, deep river, bending to the right,
 Swelled in a lake, and rounded on the sight.
 Beyond the spacious stream blue mountains rose,
 Stretched in the majesty of calm repose.

The scene was nature's own, and wild, as man
 Had feared to trespass on creation's plan ;
 No patient hand had smoothed the rugged soil,
 No harvest crowned the labourer's early toil ;
 Though female industry perchance might raise
 On vacant spot, some patch of yellow maize,
 Slight care to these the untaught farmer gave :
 Canoes unnumbered dancing on the wave,
 And nets of curious work, spread forth to dry,
 Told where the Indian gained his best supply ,
 While hunting-spears, and trophies of the chase,
 The rude interior of each dwelling trace.

When day's last beam was fading from the
 Ayuta's hut received his willing guest ;
 With native fare the rugged board was spread,
 And fragrant leaves composed the stranger's bed.
 Visions of peace on Osric's fancy stole ;
 A current of unruffled years to roll,
 Calm as the stream that softly murmured near,
 And soothed, with plaintive note, his dreaming ear.
 Free as the zephyr of the wood, that swept
 The open hut, and fanned him while he slept.
 And let him sleep—such visionary theme
 May best befit the fabric of a dream.

CANTO II.

WHEREER thine eye can turn, or foot can tread,
 Behold, O man ! the books of knowledge spread.
 Thy reason learns the lesson they impart,
 But God alone can grave it on thy heart.
 Thou seest the blossom open to the day,
 Bloom for a little space, and fade away ;
 Thou seest the verdant leaf, like silken vest,
 Clothe the dark tree, and shade the songster's nest,
 Then pine and perish.—Not a breeze can blow
 But tells thee all is vanity below,
 While, ruffling some poor insect's web away,
 It mars the labour of a summer day.
 That breeze, if tainted by infected breath,
 May to thy bosom waft the seeds of death ;
 Or, swelled by angry storms, the ocean sweep,
 And overwhelm thy trusted treasures in the deep.

In vain the page of wisdom courts thine eyes —
 Though always learning, thou art never wise.

While all is changing, waning, dying round,
 Thou dream'st some favourite spot may yet be found,
 Where cloudless suns on flowers unfading shine,
 To form a perfect lot, and that be thine.
 Welcome each vision folly can pourtray,
 So it beguile thee of the passing day,
 Hide from thy guilty sight the threatening rod,
 And drown that awful cry, "Prepare to meet thy God!"

How sped our Osric, in his ardent chace
 Of virtuous bliss among the savage race?
 The fleeting hours of summer-bloom are past,
 And winter's dreariest night approaches fast;
 The camp is black with wreaths of eddying smoke,
 And tempests whistle through the leafless oak,
 Rocking the hut where Osric courts repose,
 A death-doomed captive, guarded by his foes.

Long had he basked beneath the specious smile
 Of Indian faith, nor deemed such friendship guile.
 He wore their garb, and bent his towering thought
 To each rude task his wild instructors taught.
 Farewell the polished lore of Rome and Greece!
 The dance of war, the calumet of peace,
 The rapid chace, the archer's deadly aim,
 Divide his moments and his efforts claim.
 On each traditionary tale that tells
 Of Indian deeds, his pleased attention dwells,
 While his eventful years of sorrow seem
 A passing thought, a half forgotten dream.

Yet one there was, who, with prophetic fear,
 Would breathe the frequent caution in his ear ;
 And Osric marvelled when young Zaila spoke
 Of reeds that bowed beneath the hand, and broke ;
 Of icy plains formed on the level wave,
 That tempt the step, then yield a liquid grave ;
 While the keen glance of her expressive eye
 Would in mute eloquence the tale apply.

An aged chief had mourned a valiant son,
 And now in Zaila blessed his only one ;
 The brightest plumage he would cull, to deck
 The raven hair that flowed upon her neck ;
 The costly bead and precious metal graced
 Her well-turned arm, and bound her slender waist ;
 But Nature's hand, more bounteous than his own,
 The spell of beauty round the maid had thrown.
 Upon her brow, in simple majesty,
 Peace reigned, and meekness in her downcast eye ;
 A pensive contemplation marked her mien,
 As though she communed with a world unseen.
 And Osric heard the sigh, and saw the tear,
 When vice or folly urged their wild career ;
 And oft her firm rebuke their madness quelled,
 If not convinced, yet humbled and repelled.

• Months rolled away ; and still Ayuta's guest
 Abode in peace, confiding and caressed.
 At length an embassy from far appears,
 Or chiefs in war renowned, and sage with years,

The leaders of the camp in council meet,
 With solemn words of amity to greet
 The martial tribe, whose measured steps are led
 Where mats and skins, in circling order spread,
 Receive their wearied frames. With looks profound,
 Silent and motionless, they sat around :
 The vapour of the peaceful pipe arose,
 And Osric, fearless of impending woes,
 Pleased with the novel scene, attentive viewed
 The savage pomp displayed by men so rude.

The elder chieftain of the stranger band
 Rose, with a belt of wampum in his hand,
 Of doubtful hue, as though his nation's mind
 To peace or war was equally inclined.
 Grave was his gesture, and his accent slow,
 Calm wisdom reigned upon his furrowed brow,
 Though half-quelled flashes from his eagle eye
 Bepoke a spirit martial, stern, and high.
 The steady curb of politic controul
 Restrained the swell of an impatient soul.

" Tribe of the valley ! hearken and behold—
 This wampum-belt fraternal hands unfold,
 In token that your brethren of the hill
 With ancient amity would greet ye still.
 When yonder sun rose from the briny deep,
 He saw our steps descend our native steep,
 And when he sank beneath the mount again,
 He left us journeying o'er the dreary plain :

Rising and falling, still from day to day,
 He marked us pacing on our lengthened way.
 Our feet have bent the grass, impressed the sand,
 Been laved by streams, bruised by the stony strand—
 And wherefore this ? Brethren, a voice was borne
 On the strong breezes of the opening morn ;
 It told of leagues, and calumets of peace
 With white invaders ; of your camp's increase
 By foreign bands. We credit not the tale :
 We love our younger brethren of the vale,
 But fear them not. Behold ! your choice is free
 To raise the tomahawk, or plant the tree."

He said, and waving his uplifted hand,
 With dauntless eye surveyed the circling band,
 Resumed his matted seat, and calmly spread
 His wampum strings, of sable, white and red.
 Short was the silence, for Ayuta stood,
 With looks of peace, and their attention wooed :
 Breathing, in terms of long accustomed art,
 The guileful purpose of his faithless heart.

" Fathers, attend—your ancient brethren view—
 Your hills have echoed to a voice untrue :
 Not ours the deed to give a treacherous hand,
 And greet the foreign spoilers of the land,
 Who pluck the rose that decks our Indian ground,
 And with the naked thorns its master wound ;
 A morning mist hath led your mind astray,
 The sun shall rise, and darkness fade away.

Behold a stranger of that evil race
 Who hunt our nation like a beast of chase :
 We lured him to the snare, we soothed his soul,
 We made him joyous with the juicy bowl,
 Nourished with care, and trained with Indian skill—
 Lo ! Fathers bear him to your distant hill ;
 And while his lingering death-pangs feed your view,
 Confess your brethren of the vale are true.
 The calumet receive, and aid our toil
 To hide the hatchet in our native soil ;
 The peaceful tree, raised by united hands,
 And fed with white man's blood, shall shade our mingled
 bands !"

While yet he spoke, the dark and wary foes
 In double files their hapless prey enclose,
 With spears and arrows pointed at his breast,
 He deemed it all a vision or a jest—
 Throughout his frame one chill of horror ran,
 Then bitterly he smiled, " Aye, such is man !—
 Strangers, ye bear the aspect and the name
 Of fathers, statesmen, chiefs of conquering fame :
 Can perfidy uphold, and fraud defend
 A nation's glory ? Will ye thus extend
 The sanction of your age, your high applause,
 To the foul breach of hospitable laws ?
 Is such dishonest triumph meet to crown
 The brightness of your martial tribe's renown ?
 I came—no foe, in warlike garb arrayed,
 Armed with the fiery tube, or burnished blade,

But a defenceless stranger, wooed to share
The social board, nor deeming it a snare."

The Chief rejoined, " Let prudence be confessed,
Rapacious wolves our peaceful camp molest ;
We capture one—say, must the fact be proved,
That he, the prize, with ravening purpose, roved ?
No—he's a wolf ; in that his crime we trace,
He dies for crimes committed by the race.
'Tis self-defence, the same instinctive plan
That guards the reptile's nest, the home of man :
It teaches thee to spend thy fleeting breath,
Pleading for life, and us to will thy death."

Midnight arrives ;—no careful hand supplies
The lingering flame, that all unnoticed dies ;
Yet falling fragments yield a transient blaze,
While on the rugged hearth the fire decays,
Too feeble now to pierce the distant shade
Where the poor captive's care-worn limbs are laid.
His savage guards had watched from twilight's hour,
In all the stern security of power,
Yet wakeful and alert ; each grasped the spear,
The quiver and the well-strung bow were near,
And oft a lowering glance, with keen survey,
Explored the couch of skins where Osric lay.
A sullen calm had hushed the stormy swells
Of his indignant thought, and memory dwells
On many a strange vicissitude of woe,
That marked the windings of his path below.

The sceptic doubt, the glowing hope, in turn
 Would cloud his soul, or bid his spirit burn.
 No guiding Providence could he survey
 Through the wild lab'rinth of his chequered way;
 Then wherefore deem that aught of love divine
 Should on his last dark hour of anguish shine,
 Or bid the disembodied spirit rest
 In the unclouded mansions of the blest?
 Again, his conscience, unawakened saw
 No flagrant breach of his Creator's law,
 In his short life; yet, with unsparing hand,
 The scourge had followed him by sea and land,
 And justice would require a blissful doom
 Of peace and rapture in the world to come.
 But all was speculation wild and vain
 Within, and all without was feverish pain,
 Rest, thou afflicted one! a Saviour's love
 Hath willed thy glory in the realms above:
 He girded thee, although thou hast not known
 His saving strength, and He will seal thee yet His
 own.

Three warriors from the stranger tribe combined,
 An ample guard, with false Ayuta joined.
 No thought of rescue or escape had cheered
 The captive's mind, no human hope appeared,
 He knew their Indian watchfulness could keep
 At wondrous bay the leaden wand of sleep;
 But now, each fitful flash of light that played
 On the dark group, their slumbering state betrayed:

With sudden start, the swarthy hand would clasp
 The spear, and then relax its eager grasp ;
 At length Ayuta to the entrance crept,
 Stretched his tall form across the door, and slept ;
 While, in a deep, unwonted torpor, near,
 Each warrior bent upon his trusty spear,
 Reclined, then sunk unconscious to the ground,
 And dark oblivion spread her mantle round.
 Osric beheld, and kindling, half arose
 From his low couch, and gazed upon his foes ;
 He longed from false Ayuta's side to wrest
 The knife he bore, and plunge it in his breast—
 To brave the hazard of uncertain strife,
 And dearly part with a devoted life.

While yet he pondered on the daring thought,
 A rustling sound his quick attention caught,
 From the low ragged roof—again it came,
 Frequent and near—Oh for one glancing flame
 To gleam upon the spot ! His head he raised,
 And vainly through the deepening darkness gazed ;
 Few moments passed, soft on his wondering eye
 Shone the pure azure of a moonlight sky,
 While through the breach he saw a figure bend,
 And heard the words, “ be silent, and ascend.”
 A cord of solid strength is flung below,
 The lending figure beckons him to go,
 And could he pause ? The cooling air of heaven
 That kissed his brow, had new existence given—
 He springs to freedom, from the gloomy cell,
 And bids his sleeping guards a glad farewell.

The lonely hut, that formed his prison, stood
 Midway between the camp and neighbouring wood ;
 Two silent guides appear, his steps to lead,
 And swiftly from the haunts of man they speed :
 No voice or sound the cautious stillness broke,
 Till on the wood's dark confines Osric spoke—
 “ Ere yet we pierce the shade, your purpose say,
 And whither ye conduct my dubious way ? ”
 “ To safety and to peace thou goest,” replied
 In gentle accent, his more youthful guide.
 He started—’twas a well-remembered tone—
 Yet urged again, “ Nay, make your object known.”
 “ Osric ! we censure not thy doubting mind,
 By sad experience taught, thou know'st mankind,
 And Indian faith hast proved ; yet fear not now,
 For treachery never lurked on Zaila's brow ;
 This heart abhors the wile. I set thee free—
 My life upon thy safety. Follow me.”

With grateful wonder, with confiding love,
 He followed through the mazes of the grove,
 Wrapped in a rayless gloom, so deep and dread,
 Some angel seemed to guide the Maiden's tread
 In the wild path, and to her timid heart
 A more than mortal energy impart ;
 While through the dreary wilderness around
 The savage howls of hungry wolves resound ;
 The fox barks fiercely through the trembling break,
 And at their feet uncoils the hissing snake ;
 But onward they pursue their steadfast way,
 Till, pale and feeble, gleams a distant ray ;

Brighter it smiles, and soon their gladdened view
 Rests on an open stream and slight canoe.
 They pause, and Zaila motions with her hand
 To launch the fragile bark, and leave the land :—
 “ Osric, farewell ! thou freely may's't confide
 In the firm faith of this thy future guide ;
 His care will lead thee to a safe retreat,
 Where Christian love shall bathe thy weary feet ;
 And when thou offerest up thy grateful prayer,
 Oh let the Indian Maid thy benediction share !”

A tear is bursting from the Wanderer's eye,
 While his soothed bosom prompts the fond reply :—
 “ Zaila ! a poor unfriended Exile gives
 The only gift his wayward fortune leaves,
 A heart long steeled by stern adversity,
 Now won, and softened into love by thee.
 O let thy unprotected steps no more
 The blood-stained haunt, the faithless camp, explore,
 Lest the deep thunderbolt of vengeance dread
 Fall on thy gentle and defenceless head !
 Share thou my lot ; the Christian race will give
 The means for patient industry to live ;
 Be mine—and sweet will seem the daily toil
 That tills for Zaila the penurious soil,
 Pursues the flying deer through tangled woods,
 Or snares the gliding tenant of the floods.
 In boyhood's days, in wild impetuous youth,
 And riper years, I sought the phantom Truth ;

My fancy robed a form in rainbow dyes,
 And fondly chaced the visionary prize,
 Till, weary of delusion, vice, and woe,
 I deemed she never could reside below.
 When Hope had spread her pinions to depart,
 I find the treasure lodged in Zaila's heart.
 Thou gav'st the caution, when my heedless ear,
 Held it the language of ungenerous fear;
 Thy pity came to succour and to save
 The dupe who scorned thee, from a well-earned grave;-
 Reject me not; my grateful soul shall rest
 On the pure truth of thy unspotted breast:
 Let summer friends, like summer blossoms, fly—
 Thy faith, an evergreen, can brave the winter sky."

The maid, unmoved, his glowing-cheek surveys,
 Reproach and pity mingled in her gaze;
 Then from her lip the solemn accents part—
 "Can such deliverance move thy stubborn heart?
 Light was the risk, to drug thy treacherous foes
 With drowsy herbs, and the low roof unclosed;
 Poor is the boon—a few uncertain years
 Of lengthened progress in a vale of tears.
 Thy love devote, thy praises breathe to Him
 Who took the cup, kissed the o'erflowing brim,
 And drained the very dregs of woe and wrath,
 To save thy soul from everlasting death.
 I see thou marvell'st how these wilds have heard
 The joyful tidings of salvation's word—

Nay, rather blush they were not heard from thee,
 Thy mind was fearless, and thy speech was free.
 But no compassion in thy heart was found
 For souls unnumbered perishing around,
 Thy fellow-men, who drew their natal breath
 In lands of darkness, and the shades of death,
 Bound in the chain of ignorance and sin,
 No help without, and not a hope within.
 Thine had it been to see the day-star rise
 On the deep gloom of these benighted skies,
 To lift on high the banner of the Word,
 And wield with dauntless hand the Spirit's sword,
 Champion of heaven,—O hadst thou thus been found,
 A thousand seraphs had encamped around
 Thy shining path, the everlasting arms
 Supported, led, and guarded thee from harms
 Yea, He who hie through every nation preach
 The Gospel, and his free salvation teach,
 Had been thy shield, thy counsellor, and friend,
 'I o I am with you, even to the end!'

"Zaila, that sacred privilege is given
 To holy men, the ministers of heaven;
 The solemn truths of such mysterious theme
 Would ill my uncommissioned lips beseem."

"Nay, rather say those truths could never rest
 In the dark cell of an unholy breast
 If in thy path a bleeding wretch be found,
 Wilt thou deny to staunch the flowing wound,

Nor dare with pitying hand to soothe the smart,
 Because unlicensed in the healing art ?
 But fare thee well ! may God direct thy feet
 In peace and safety to a far retreat,
 A sandy vale, where life's glad river flows,
 A wilderness that blossoms as the rose ;
 'Twas there the heaven-born ray of light divine
 Burst upon Zaila's soul—O may it gladden thine !"

Wondering, ashamed, and half-displeased, he stood,
 Till that light form was lost within the wood,
 Then slowly turned him to the stream, whose wave
 To the pale ray a faint reflection gave ;
 The shallow boat was rocking on the tide,
 And there the Indian stood, his future guide,
 Whose folded hands and eye upraised, declare
 The deep devotion of a mental prayer.
 Unusual was the sight, and Osric saw,
 With peevish scorn, half-quelled by solemn awe ;
 His conscience told that simple prayer was said
 For him, a thankless wretch, who never prayed ;
 And Zaila's keen reproof had lodged a dart
 Of strange disquiet in his swelling heart :
 To meet the humbling guest high thoughts arose,
 What ! should the soul that scorned a thousand foes,
 That through the world, defying and defied,
 Bore high the banner of unvanquished pride,
 Before such puny arms that banner furl ?
 A praying savage, and a preaching girl !

In haughty silence to the bank he drew,
 A rough warm bear-skin lined the light canoe ;
 Gladly he stretched him on the narrow bed,
 Another hide the careful Indian spread,
 His little bark then hastened to unmoor,
 And, nicely poising, paddled from the shore.

How sweet and soothing is the moonlight beam
 That breaks the cloud, and smiles upon the stream !
 How soft the calm that stills a throbbing breast,
 When toil and anguish yield to tranquil rest !
 And oh, how pleasant is the breeze that blows
 Across the cheek where new-born freedom glows !
 Osric confessed the charm, and soon subside
 The angry waves of discontent and pride ;
 Beneath the still solemnity of night,
 The shifting scene, robed in a silvery light,
 Presents more varied beauties to his view
 Than fancy's airy pencil ever drew.
 Now, swiftly gliding on their liquid way,
 Through the entangling wood their progress lay,
 Whose bending stems inclined from either side,
 And bowed to commune o'er the darkened tide.
 And now they pass, where to the struggling wave
 Unwilling rocks a scanty passage gave,
 And, sternly frowning, overhung the bed,
 Their giant sides with rugged heather spread ;
 While birds of night, with heavy pinion, soar,
 And, screaming, ask who dares their haunt explore.

And now, retiring to a wider bound,
 The rocks in ample crescent sweep around,
 A grassy lawn slopes to the river's brink,
 Where graceful willows bend the head, and drink,
 While fading stalks of many a flower declare
 How bright the garb by summer woven there.
 Enriched by frequent streams the current grows
 To more majestic width, and freely flows.
 But now the moon steals down the shaded sky,
 And gentle sleep hath sealed the wanderer's eye.

A lovelier morning beam had never smiled,
 To gild a spot so beauteous and so wild,
 Than that soft ray which through the foliage broke,
 And cheered the lonely scene where Osric woke.
 A bank, adorned with all the forest's pride,
 Rose in a gradual slope on either side;
 Mixed with the fir, and cedar, ever green,
 Some leafless stems of oak and birch were seen,
 And all the rich variety of hue
 That cultivated woodlands never knew ;
 While dew-drops, small as clustered diamonds, gleam
 Beneath the splendour of the rising beam.
 With soothing sound the gurgling waters roll,
 But sweeter notes along their surface stole,
 When from the Indian's lip, in artless lays,
 Rose to the Lord his morning hymn of praise.
 Soft was the tone, not meant for mortal ear,
 Too faint for earth to mark, but not for heaven to hear.

Yet Osric in such fixed attention hung,
 He caught the meaning of the words he sung.—
 “ O Thou ! who, through the perils of the night,
 Hast safely brought us to the morning light,
 While thousands have resigned their vital breath,
 And all unsuccoured, slept the sleep of death,
 I ord, what are we, that thou should'st thus display
 Thy wondrous love, and guard us on our way,
 Bidding the tempest of the winter cease,
 And saying to the troubled waters, ‘ Peace ! ’
 Touched with a feeling of our wants and woes,
 Why ev' thus thy pitying love disclose,
 If not to lead us to a gracious throne,
 To make our deeper need and sorrow known,
 To mourn the curse of sin's polluting stain,
 Pardon, and peace, and strengthening help to gain ?
 Thy covenant, O Lord, with night and day
 Unbroken stands, while ages roll away ;
 The brighter covenant thy love hath given,
 Survives this fleeting world, and reigns in heaven.
 O seal that promise on our inmost soul,
 There write thy law, there fix thy firm controul,
 And since thy word the sweet assurance gave
 That 'twas thy chosen work to seek and save,
 Lord, let the Sun of righteousness arise,
 With healing on his wings, to glad those darkened eyes.’
 He turned with gentle look, and, gazing, wept
 O'er the poor wanderer, who in semblance slept.
 Then the light oar with double speed he plied,
 And urged his bark along the glittering tide.

Now to the stream a crisper curl was given,
 And clouds were drifted o'er the face of heaven ;
 Deep folds of grey, tinged with a dusky red,
 Above the eastern hills ascending spread ;
 Each following gust more piercing cold became,
 Striking a painful chill through Osric's frame.
 His pilot marked, with ever-watchful eye,
 The quick transitions of the wave and sky,
 Then spoke—"How close those gathering vapours crowd !
 A tempest rides upon yon eastern cloud :
 To-morrow's dawn may see an icy chain
 Check this bold tide, now speeding to the main.
 Now seek we some propitious spot, and form
 A timely shelter 'gainst the coming storm ;
 Sure tokens of the falling snow appear,
 A wintry visit, sudden and severe."
 The first fair landing place the travellers seize,
 And hide their little boat among the trees ;
 For Jacob (such the Indian's chosen name,
 When to the sacred font erewhile he came,)
 Feared lest the baffled foe might yet pursue,
 And trace their cautious route by that canoe.
 His careful hand his comrade then supplied
 With hatchet, musket, and a bear's black hide.
 A light repast they took, and onward went
 To cross the wood, and climb the near ascent.
 The summit gained, they find the rugged ground
 With mountain-pines, and towering birch-trees crowned.
 No fit retreat their anxious eyes survey,
 While through the tangling shrubs they rend their way :

But downward slopes bespeak a neighbouring vale,
 Whence rough and broken sounds the ear assail ;
 Those welcome notes rejoiced the Indian guide,
 " Hear'st thou the roaring of that mountain tide ?
 Urge we the quick descent, secure to breathe
 From our long labour in the vale beneath."

Now mingled with the stately pine, they view
 The lowlier fir, and beech of changeful hue,
 While in a smoother course, they lightly pass
 O'er many-coloured moss, and velvet grass,
 Till, issuing from the grove, in liquid light
 The torrent bursts upon their dazzled sight.
 Steep was the path, and wide the rocky bed
 Where on their eager chace the billows sped :
 Huge broken fragments in the channel lay,
 To fret, but not impede its forceful way,
 Above their heads the sparkling waters bound,
 Then in a dark deep eddy whirl around,
 Now for a tranquil space forget to rave,
 Now leap another rock, and curl the foaming wave.
 The countless, undiscovered springs, that rise
 Among the hills, combine their large supplies,
 And here, engaged in never-ending race,
 The dancing currents hold their noisy chace,
 And seem among their native wilds to raise
 " Proud songs of liberty, and joyous hymns of praise ;
 While bowing woods, robed in eternal green,
 Echo the sound, and smile upon the scene."

The rocks that scarce that headlong stream confine,
 Dripping with spray, like polished marble shine;
 The trees, luxuriant, wear a brighter hue,
 For ever freshened by the scattered dew:
 Abruptly rising from the further side,
 A lofty mountain waves its leafy pride;
 Th' opposing bank presents a softer shade,
 A swelling hill more sparingly arrayed;
 And here, in silent joy, the pilgrims stood,
 Tracing the progress of the mighty flood,
 Which, bounding on its way with ceaseless roar,
 Passed a rude angle, and was seen no more.
 Still on the breeze tumultuous murmurs rose,
 Till died the cadence in a distant close.

Behind a little plain, on sloping ground,
 A clump of trees the travellers' search had found,
 Whose taper stems, in native order placed,
 A small rude circle sheltered and embraced.
 Within the narrow bound they first proceed
 To clear the brushwood and intrusive weed,
 Then mounting high on two inclining trees,
 With straining arm each bushy top they seize,
 These firmly bound present a crested dome;
 And next by several paths the builders roam,
 From birchen trunks the pliant rind they tear,
 And spreading branches to their dwelling bear;
 Wove with the circling stems, and overlaid
 With moss and twisted bands, the fence was made,

While solid bark, warm, light, and water proof,
 Patched the rude fabric, and secured the roof
 Smote by the axe, the neighbouring branches shed
 For fuel wood, and leaves to form a bed

OSIC with glowing smile the dwelling eyed —
 “ Thus, and so soon, are nature’s wants supplied !
 Yet senseless man inhales the tainted breath
 In crowded dens of folly, shame, and death,
 And scorns the richest boons his God has given,
 The simple fruits of earth, the beam of heaven,
 The stately canopies of waving woods,
 The solemn music of the rolling floods,
 The note of feathered harmony, the rest
 So dear and sacred to the reasoning breast.
 Free as the air he breaths, by choice a slave,
 He spurns a native throne to clasp a panted grave
 Throughout creation’s wide and wondrous plan,
 The speck, the blemish of the work, is man.”

“ And is there then,” the thoughtful Indian cried,
 “ No balm in Gilead for the wounds of pride ?
 Pride is the deep-struck malady within,
 The root of sorrow, and the gate of sin
 God’s word was this, ‘ Transgress, and ye shall die ,
 ‘ Transgress, and be as gods,’ the tempter’s cry ,
 Pride heard, nor pruned Jehovah’s wrath to prove
 And pride rejects the message of His love
 Pride brought the ill thy hasty words condemn,
 And pride hath wrought on thee to censure them.

Plain is my speech, and slight the lore I know,
 Yet can my lips the latent evil show,
 For long I bowed beneath the yoke of sin,
 And served that tyrant lord, enthroned within,
 The voice of conscience and of God defied,
 In all the daring impotence of pride.
 Chief of a num'rous tribe, in war renowned
 My name was echoed through the lands around ;
 Placed on a giddy eminence I stood,
 By nature bold, by men accounted good,
 For from this lofty station glancing down,
 My heart condemned all vices but its own,
 And deemed itself a pure and hallowed spot,
 A bright exception from the general blot.
 But God in mercy drew me to the cross,
 And shewed my richest gain to be but loss.
 He bade me pray, heard the imperfect prayer,
 Raised my sad soul from darkness and despair ;
 His hand the quickening stream of life hath given,
 And fed me with the living bread from heaven ;
 Though round my course conflicting billows roar,
 He guards and guides me to the happy shore,
 And gives an anchor that can never fail,
 Moored to the mighty Rock, and fixed within the
 vail."

A glow of hope, a gleam of holy joy,
 Tinged his dark cheek, and sparkled in his eye.
 But now the dreary night comes on apace,
 And blacker clouds the scowling sky deface,

The torrent rages with a louder swell,
And sweeping blasts th' approaching storm fortel.
Their fire the wanderers rouse, but slowly came
From the damp wood a pale reluctant flame ;
Sparely they diet on their slender store,
And form with pointed stakes a nightly door,
On either side the central fire they spread,
A bear-skin mantle on each leafy bed,
Nor can the raving of the tempest keep
From lids so wearied the repose of sleep.

CANTO III.

THE morning comes, but clouds of falling snow
Obscure the beam, and veil the wonted glow,
While not a feature nor a tint remains
Of all that marked the hills, the woods, the plains,
Save where between the banks of dazzling white
The rapid torrent bouyds from height to height ;
But dark and dingy dyes the waters bear,
The sparkling spray appears no longer fair,
For all is black, contrasted with the hue
Of glaring white that palls the sickening view.
Beneath that snowy mass the groves have sunk,
It loads the boughs, and drifts upon the trunk,
Hems round the strangers in their narrow home,
And crowns the pigmy hut with alabaster dome.
While Osric viewed the scene with pensive eye,
The Indian came, a comment to supply. .
“ Praise be to Him, the prayer of faith who heard,
For wind and storm fulfil his awful word,

And He alone the burdened cloud restrained,
 Till thou, poor captive, hadst deliverance gained.
 How had thine own, or Zaila's gentle tread,
 O'er yielding snow all undiscovered sped?
 How could my frail canoe the blast abide,
 Or stem the fury of the storm-lashed tide?
 Smooth thy bent brow, and breathe the voice of praise
 To Him whose mercy crowns thy thankless days;
 And spares thee yet, to learn the joyful song
 Of ransomed souls that in his temple throng."

Osric rejoined, with mingled pride and shame,
 "Know'st thou not, Chief, I bear the Christian name?
 My earliest steps that sacred temple trod,
 My lisping tongue confessed the living God,
 The cross was signed upon my infant brow,
 And riper judgment ratified the vow,
 To Him whose will my thread of being twined,
 And Him, the bleeding Saviour of mankind.
 No other hope, no other faith I own,
 But seek eternal life through him alone,
 For He, my righteous Judge and pitying Lord,
 The sin will pardon, and the good reward.
 Such is the creed my native land receives,
 Each tongue proclaims it, and each heart believes.
 But why thine own and Zaila's faith agree
 With God's pure word, I yet must learn from thee."

Now to their cold but needful task they go
 To clear a pathway through the drifted snow,

And seek the cowering game in covert near,
 In wildness yet, unknown to man and fear.
 With interest keenly awakened, Osric eyed,
 Faithful in both, his monitor and guide ;
 And rarely had the deep scanned book of men
 Displayed a theme so worthy of his ken.
 The outline of his story, slight and brief,
 Shewed Jacob what he seemed, a warrior chief,
 Though mantled in the simplest garb of those
 Who rouse the woodland quarry from repose.
 While deed and word a mellowed judgment speak,
 The bloom of youth still glowed upon his cheek ;
 And much was there to tell of lineage high,
 The bold expansive brow, the piercing eye,
 The mind's deep fervor beaming from his face,
 His port was majesty, his movement grace.
 Sedate of look, yet o'er his smile there stole
 A joyousness—the sunshine of the soul.
 If glance of pride, or flash of rising ire,
 Burst from the embers of a martial fire,
 A moment, and 'twas gone—the harsh and rude,
 By Christian love were softened and subdued
 Vanished the passing cloud of native pride,
 Ere he could shake the parted locks aside,
 And raise the placid brow, the beaming eye,
 Stamped with the gentlest zeal of meek humility.

Closed the short day, the shades of evening came,
 Again they rest them by the cheerful flame,

And Osric, pleased, a deep regard bestows,
 While from his comrade's lip the story flows,
 How the good Shepherd in compassion sought,
 And to the fold his straying Indians brought.

“ My former state 'twere needless to describe ;
 I reigned sole chieftain of a warlike tribe,
 And when I saw my nation's foes increase,
 I fought, and purchased a victorious peace.
 Youthful in years, but deemed in counsel sage,
 Renown and power my every thought engage ;
 Still seeking, still of all I sought possess'd,
 An aching void was yawning in my breast,
 The craving of a soul that never dies,
 And cannot live on earthly vanities.
 While, goaded by disquiet, I pursued
 With feverish haste what seemed the public good,
 My restless purpose, changeful as the wind,
 Wore the fair garb of love to human kind.
 Half deified, and ruling with his nod,
 The worm Azmourai seemed a nation's god ;
 Applauding throngs would press upon my tread,
 To war or council when the way I led,
 Or bowed in impious rites my reason scorned —
 Within all vile, and all without adorned.

“ Such was my state, when first the man of God,
 Alone, unarmed, our martial valley trod.
 Round his sweet home the eastern billow rolls,
 But love impelled him here, the love of souls.

Not his to praise a God obscurely known,
 Or with a Saviour's merits blend his own ;
 Not his of virtue and reward to dream,
 Far other thoughts inspired his lofty theme.
 He spoke of man, rebellious, ruined, lost,
 His pardon purchased at a countless cost,
 So dearly purchased, yet so freely given
 By Him who vanquished hell and opened heaven.
 He told, that as the branch, the leaf, the fruit,
 All draw their being from their living root,
 And severed from that root are worthless, spurned,
 Bound in a bundle for the flames, and burned,
 So nourished, so supported, and allied,
 In Christ, their root, His branches must abide ;
 He, the true vine, the mystic sap conveys ;
 Unfed by Him the drooping bough decays ;
 And man's best work, in his Creator's eye,
 Is but a shrivelled leaf, a dead deformity.

“ ‘ Go,’ he would say, ‘ and in the forest near
 Plant the dry polished shaft of yonder spear,
 There bid the rootless stem to life expand,
 And wave luxuriant branches o’er the land :
 The hope were vain—closed is each pliant pore,
 The circling juice revisits them no more.
 By guilt dissevered from the living tree,
 Through Adam’s fault, so dead and dry are we ;
 Nor profitless alone, for tainting sin
 Pollutes our lives, defiles our hearts within ;

Jehovah's purity our race disclaims,
 His justice dooms us to eternal flames :
 But mercy hath revealed an open path,
 A covert from the tempest of His wrath.'
 And day by day the oft-repeated strain
 We heard, ' Repent, believe, be born again.'
 With inward joy I listened to the sound,
 And deemed it well applied to all around ;
 My conscience loathed the crimes I daily saw,
 My mind did homage to the moral law :
 Pleas'd with the code that heav'n-sent preacher taught,
 Oft by his side the lowly hut I sought,
 Approving, while he urged his message home,
 ' Forsake your sins—flee from the wrath to come.'
 The law and reason to my view had shown
 Their deep corruptions—Satan veiled my own.

" Audent in all my schemes, I purposed now
 To plight in public my baptismal vow.
 I knew a thousand voices would combine
 To echo promptly back the tones of mine,
 For I was loved :—my heart will not forget,
 I loved them well—and well I love them yet."

While to his brow his dark-brown hands he press'd,
 A stealing tear relieved the chieftain's breast,
 And all the tides of troubled memory roll
 In melting sadness over Osric's soul ;
 Short was the pause, returning peace illumed
 The Indian's mind, and calmly he resumed.

“ Soon to the preacher’s dwelling I repaired,
 Revealed my purpose, and my hope declared,
 With boastful smile ; I pause for his reply.
 No answering hope beamed in his downcast eye ;
 Deep solemn thought was teeming in his look,
 And strong emotion struggled while he spoke :
 His form he raised, his open brow displayed,
 In truth’s unbending majesty arrayed,
 Awful, as one commissioned from above,
 Tender, as yearning with a brother’s love,
 Calm, as unheeding aught that man could do,
 But kindling while his theme to deeper import grew.

“ ‘ I grieve, O chief, thy infant plan to blight,
 Thy wish is laudable, thy purpose right,
 To banish idols, and to build a shrine,
 For purer worship formed, and rites divine,
 And thus thy nation by example draw
 To own Jehovah’s name and keep his law.
 And if indeed the strict command he gave
 To sinful man, could justify and save ;
 If outward washing could remove the stain,
 And blanch to pristine purity again,
 My willing hand the cleansing stream should give,
 My joyful lips proclaim, obey, and live ;
 But vain such empty rite, and vainer still,
 Who deem that strict commandment they fulfil,
 For though the mind assent, and call it good,
 Alas ! we cannot do the things we would ;

For we are carnal, vile, self-sold to sin,
 Offences multiply, lust wars within,
 While for one tarnish of corruption's breath
 The righteous law condemns, and thunders death.
 O think not the baptismal stream is given,
 That man by pious works may merit heaven !
 ' I cannot cause iniquity to cease,
 I will not soothe you in a treacherous peace,
 Nor dare I seek my Master's fold to fill
 With flocks that do not heed his voice and will.
 To heal a healthy soul he was not sent,
 Nor call the just and righteous to repent,
 Nor o'er the rags of pride to which we cling,
 A veil of specious holiness to fling :
 He heals the sick ; He bids the outcast come
 To find a welcome in his Father's home ;
 He clothes the naked in a spotless dress,
 The garment of imputed righteousness,
 And those who madly would exalt their own,
 Despise the word that makes his mercy known.
 Hast thou, Azmourai, through his teaching seen
 That thou art sick, and naked, and unclean ?
 And wouldst thou come, and lead thy kindred race,
 Poor helpless suppliants, to the throne of grace,
 And casting all self-confidence away,
 Live on that unbought grace from day to day,
 And seek through faith alone the blessings given,
 A heart renewed, and purged from ancient leaven,
 Direction for the mazy road of life,
 Strength for the race and courage for the strife !

The race, the strife, where fierce malignant foes,
 Unseen, shall cross thy path, thy way oppose.
 If this be thy desire, my hand shall shed
 Th' appointed stream upon thy favoured head,
 And may the Lord before thy spirit place
 The laver of regenerating grace !
 May new creation to thy soul be given,
 Born of the Holy Ghost, and sealed an heir of heaven !
 But if thou com'st to act the trifler's part,
 Content to change thy creed, but not thy heart,
 If policy would make the rite her own,
 Ordained for penitence and faith alone,
 Oh what am I, that I should dare degrade
 Jehovah's mission to a sordid trade,
 And with a hollow vain illusion snare
 Th' immortal souls of men, that claim my deepest care !'

" Offended and amazed, I turned away,
 Though with mild tone he wooed my longer stay,
 Withdrawn beneath the forest's twilight shade,
 His words I pondered, and myself surveyed.
 I asked, could such deception dwell within ?
 Condemning sinners, could I cherish sin ?
 Dishonour and disgrace the name I loved,
 And violate the law my mind approved ?
 The barb had struck ; I felt the stern controul,
 And deep conviction laboured in my soul.
 My spotless fame and boasted virtues seem
 The mocking shadows of a feverish dream,

My outward deed, my secret thought, I saw
 Weighed in the balance of a perfect law,
 While conscience, bursting through the riven veil,
 Viewed **TEKEL** written on the mounting scale.
 When meted by the sinful race around,
 Righteous and pure my every act was found,
 But to the spirit of the law applied,
 It called for rocks my guilty head to hide.
 Who can declare the agonizing smart,
 The keen disquiet of a sin-sick heart,
 When God, the way of mercy to prepare,
 Reveals the hidden nest of vipers there !
 The embryo crimes that hourly spring to life,
 Malice, and lust, and blasphemy, and strife,
 Crush one with vig'rous hand ; ere that be dead,
 Another and another rears the head,
 And to the tortured soul, with poisoned breath,
 Each whispers judgment and eternal death.

“ Slowly but surely, thus the Lord withdrew
 The mist of nature that obscured my view,
 And many a day reluctant pride confined
 From mortal eye the anguish of my mind ;
 Till, racked and wearied with accusing thought,
 Once more the slighted man of God I sought
 In his far hut, whose little lonely light
 Guided my footsteps through the gloom of night.

“ Methought that narrow spot of sacred ground
 Diffused a halo of repose around,

For when I gained the meek abode of peace,
 I felt the tumult in my bosom cease.
 Wishing unmarked the dwelling to explore,
 With noiseless step I reached th' unfastened door.
 The teacher sate—upon his knee there lay
 The chart that guided his mysterious way,
 The word inspired :—a glimmering taper shed
 Its downward ray upon the page he read,
 But purer light upon his spirit beamed,
 A holy joy in every feature gleamed ;
 And as the starry diadem of night
 In ebon darkness glows more clearly bright,
 That Christian's soul, illumed with peace divine,
 By contrast deepened all the gloom of mine.
 Anon his lifted hand he slowly spread,
 And raised with sudden smile his bending head,
 Full on his broad fair brow the taper shone—
 I gazed and listened to 'he low-breathed tone ;
 First indistinct, then swelled in triumph high,
 While expectation sparkled in his eye.

“ ‘ Lord of all lords, of kings the mighty King !
 Saviour, to thee the lands shall incense bring—
 Yes, from the rising to the setting flame
 The Gentiles shall adore, and magnify thy name !’

“ He ceased ; with throbbing breast I nearer drew,
 And still reluctant met his wondering view,
 My humble guise his glad attention won,
 Ere my o'erburdened heart the tale begun,

But oh the rapture of the smile that played
 Across his furrowed cheek when all was said !
 Awhile he probed the wound with needful care,
 Tost aught of dark deceit might fester there ,
 But when he saw the self-abhorring shame
 That rent my conscience, and my soul o'ercame,
 While to myself my stubborn nature seemed
 Too hard to melt, too vile to be redeemed ,
 With every winning call his mind had stored
 From God's own Book, he drew me to the Lord
 ' Behold the Lamb ! the spotless sacrifice,
 For thee he suffers, and for thee He dies !
 Lo, the rich stream that murderous malice drains,
 In the last drop from those exhausted veins,
 Shall in a tide of mercy o'er thee roll,
 And wash and purify thy guilty soul.
 His dying agony thy pardon wins,
 He bore thy sorrows, and sustained thy sins
 His stripes have healed thee, He was bruised to save,
 For thee the Lord of life hath slumbered in the grave.
 With glory figh't, behold the Conqueror rise,
 While shouting seraphs throng the bending skies,
 Captivity is bound in captive chains,
 Vanquished are death and hell, and Jesus reigns !
 For rebel man receiving gifts divine,
 Hark ! he invites thee : sinner, they are thine
 He makes repentance, faith, and hope thy own,
 Thy pardon seals, removes the heart of stone,
 And gives, while confidence and love increase,
 The spirit of adoption, grace, and peace .

With God's whole armour girds thee for the fight,
 And bids thee more than conquer in His might ;
 Stedfast through Him, thy everlasting friend,
 Pledged to uphold, and keep thee to the end.
 With tenderest accent thy regard he wins,—
 ' Come ye who groan beneath a weight of sins,
 My hand shall ease ye from your labouring care,
 My yoke is mild, my burden light to bear.'
 Ye homeless crew, to want and woe resigned,
 Naked, and poor, and hungry, maimed and blind,
 No longer through the lanes and hedges tread,
 Slain is the victim, and the feast is spread :
 The King invites you to His royal home,
 The Spirit and the Bride-echo, come,
 Let him who hears repeat the joyous sound,
 Bear it, ye galaxies, the circling globe around !
 The stream of life is flowing broad and free,
 Poor parching soul, it flows to nourish thee !'

" Soothed and assured by God's unchanging word,
 My fainting heart found refuge in the Lord.
 And soon surrounded by the gazing crowd,
 With contrite tears before the font I bowed,
 Nor from the frowning throng disguised I aught
 Of what Jehovah's pardoning love had wrought.
 The many heard me with a stern disdain,
 A few more favoured listened not in vain ;
 A little flock was gathered to the fold ;
 But rumour's voice of rising faction told.

Had I, whom conquest to my tribe endeared,
 With warrior boldness at the font appeared
 In regal pride, they had been lightly freed
 From the frail trammels of their careless creed.
 But when I bent a mourning sinner there,
 My guilt and God's compassion to declare,
 Fiercely against the Gospel's humbling plan
 Rose all the in-born enmity of man.
 Awhile in stifled murmurs they complained,
 As though disgrace the Indian name had stained ;
 And long with every soothing word I strove
 To win their souls, and to regain their love ;
 But now revolt grew loud—the council sate,
 And discord triumphed in the hot debate :
 Intestine war was nigh : the choice was mine
 To yield the sceptre, or the cross resign ;
 The Lord forsook me not ; I bade farewell
 To the blue mountains and the verdant dell,
 The flowery chains that bind the heart to home,—
 What were they, balanced with the joys to come ?
 We wandered forth, a little exiled band,
 And found a dwelling in a distant land.
 Pilgrims and strangers on this rolling sphere,
 Why seeks frail man a habitation here ?
 Enough—too much—if we possess a shed,
 Where Jesus had no shelter for His head.
 Let it, O Lord, our portion ever be
 Cheerly to take the cross, and follow thee ;
 Content, if through the wilds of woe and pain
 The power of thine arm our feebleness sustain !”

The midnight tempest raged, but all was rest
 Within the patient Indian's peaceful breast,
 Sleeps he not well, who knows the Lord has spread
 A guard of angels round his lowly bed?
 Nor smile in scorn—that thought is not allied
 To eering folly or presuming pride
 Such wondrous love the Word of Truth declares,
 And seraphs tend upon salvation's heirs
 Seest thou a Christian, outcast and forlorn,
 Exposed to hatred, calumny, and scorn?
 Know, though embattled worlds conspire to wound,
 The angel of the Lord encamps around
 That child of woe, and brings deliverance near,
 In the dread moment of distressful fear
 Why doubt ye this? because the carnal mind,
 By nature dark, incredulous, and blind,
 Shrinks from the Gospel light that would expose
 The cowering ambush of infernal foes,
 And, reckless of their number, craft and rage,
 Would in its own good strength the battle wage,
 And dreams it yet unaided shall prevail,—
 A feather warring with the driving gale!

I en such our Osric was, and long he braved
 With courage undismayed, each storm that raved,
 Man was his study, nature all his book,
 Whence his dark view of human kind he took,
 And haughtily maintained his towering place,
 The self-appointed censor of the race

But warily his comrade had supplied
 With skilful hand a caustic to his pride ;
 He, an unlettered Indian of the wood,
 On the same fancied eminence had stood,
 And in the sketch that simple tale had shown
 Of Jacob's mind, the wanderer viewed his own,
 He strove to trace him through his blissful change,
 But all was dark, and intricate, and strange.
 Amid conflicting feelings, undefined,
 One clear impression dwelt upon his mind ;
 The deed, the purport of his Indian friend
 Sprung from a motive—pointed to an end—
 His motive was untarnished, pure, sublime,
 His object fixed beyond the grasp of time,
 And all the tenor of his upright plan
 To God was glory, and good-will to man—
 To his own soul contentment and repose,
 A life of usefulness, a tranquil close,
 While more than hope seemed to his spirit given,
 A calm assurance of the joys of heaven.
 What was his own design ? through certain woe
 To chace imaginary bliss below :
 His life a vision, and impervious gloom
 Shrouding the wide domain beyond the tomb.

Restless he pondered through the stormy night,
 And gladly hailed the welcome blush of light.
 The tumult of the elements was lost
 In the still, deep intensity of frost ;

No swarthy clouds repelled the heav'nward view,
 The pleasant vault above was clear and blue,
 And half transparent shone the dancing tide,
 While sparkling crystal fringed each stony side.
 Now the keen frost that bound the truant spray,
 Arrests the little streams that steal away,
 Transfixed on rocky fragments ere they pass,
 They rise in slender pinnacles of glass,
 In feathery plumage seem to nod above
 In wreaths depend, spread in a mimic grove,
 Or fling the pigmy arch of triumph wide,
 Brittle as fame, and vain as human pride.

The sharp rude air more vigorous life supplies,
 Bidding the nerves contract, the spirits rise ;
 Emboldened now, the various game around
 From covert move and try the frozen ground ;
 The bear unwieldy, and gigantic deer,
 With cautious step, at their invaders peer,
 Then fleetly speed away, and as they go,
 Dash from the trembling woods a storm of snow.
 The startled birds from forth the branches spring,
 And for new shelter spread the shivering wing ;
 Braced by the air, enlivened by the beam,
 Gaily they float and flutter near the stream,
 And yield, their little pains and pleasures o'er,
 Victims to swell our travellers' needful store.
 These, while pursuing their uncertain prey,
 With cheerful converse sped the short-lived day,

And Osric found they journeyed to behold
 The British Pastor and his Indian fold,
 Who far from warring tribes a spot possess,
 That piety and peace combine to bless,
 A plain whose soil a rich abundance yields,
 Where patient labour tills the fertile fields,
 While circling hills a native bulwark raise,
 And every cave resounds Jehovah's praise.

“ Here Zaila, with her wounded sire had fled,
 While raging foes pursued their doubtful tread ;
 A hunter, beating through the woods around
 The fainting fugitives exhausted found,
 Supplied their craving wants with glad relief,
 And to the Pastor led the bleeding chief.
 And as beside its captive dam, the fawn
 Unshackled trips, by filial fondness drawn,
 So fraught with young simplicity and grace,
 His Zaila tends upon her father's pace.
 The wounds were rude, and tedious was the cure,
 But native courage armed him to endure,
 And native stubbornness, alas ! could blind,
 To the clear Gospel ray that chieftain's mind.
 Like the deaf adder, from the charmer's tongue,
 Frowning he turned away : but Zaila hung
 On every tone that sought her heart to move
 With the sweet theme of her Redeemer's love ;
 Yet secretly believing, she repress'd
 Before her sire, the zeal that warmed her breast.

'Twas so the preacher counselled, for a while,
 Until the Lord with pitying grace should smile
 On prayer unceasing, that besought His might,
 To turn that sinner's darkness into light.
 Homeward at length he wills his way to wend,
 And Zaila on his step will still attend.
 His stern displeasure into silence awed
 The timid voice that wooed him to his God.
 With lamb-like meekness bending to his frown,
 She took the cross, sure prelude to the crown.
 Her heart was sad, yet all resigned her mien—
 But wherefore thus describe what thou hast seen,
 What thou hast loved?—She dwelt for many a day,
 A harmless dove among the birds of prey,
 And on th' unhallowed spot where Satan reigned,
 A secret worshipper of Christ remained.
 Thou cam'st an honoured guest, and Zaila deemed
 The light revealed from heaven would then have beamed
 On her dark country : for she simply thought
 The white man's lip must of his God have taught.
 The hope was vain—yet pity was awake
 O'er thy misfortunes, for her teacher's sake ;
 His countryman thou wert, and well she knew
 Her tribe was hollow, and their heart untrue ;
 Their selfish policy, unjustly wise,
 Beheld in thee some future sacrifice,
 And prized thee well. A secret envoy sought
 Our peaceful plain, and Zaila's greeting brought ;
 Told of thy state, and her foreboding fear
 Of treachery within, and danger near.

I came, and while our doubtful schemes we planned,
 From distant hills arrived that warlike band.
 'Twas Zaila freed thee. To the Lord alone
 Be praise, for all the mercies He hath shown."

While side by side our hunters ranged the wood,
 Bounding o'er broken rock and rolling flood,
 O'ercast his guide with growing friendship viewed,
 His mind with native dignity endued,
 Affection beaming in his guileless look,
 And noble candour breathing when he spoke:
 The manly soul, in peril undismayed,
 And manners gentle as the noontide shade ;
 Strange to his breast was that self-righteous pride,
 Unseemly boast conveying, " Stand aside,
 For I am holier far." Ye favoured race,
 Of faith partakers, and renewed by grace,
 Take heed, lest oft ye lay a stumbling-stone
 Between the sinner and a Saviour's throne ;
 Thankful that ye are not as others are,
 The Pharisee remember, and beware.
 Where should the leaven, where the light be found,
 But leavening the lump, shining on darkness round ?
 Each blending with its contrast, each with good
 Quelling the evil mind, the sullen mood :
 The chilling aspect of rebuke austere
 May blight the budding promise of the year.
 Commend with joy, reluctantly reprove,
 By sufferance win, and overcome by love.

O for the gentleness of Paul, who press'd
 His wayward nurslings to a fostering breast !
 Whose heart, to yearning tenderness awake,
 A curse could welcome for his brethren's sake,
 Excusing others, while himself he paints
 The chief of sinners, and the least of saints.

Now Jacob deems, that, from obstruction freed,
 The frost-bound earth invites them to proceed :
 Equipments meet they hasten to prepare,
 The smoke-tanned covering of the slaughtered bear,
 To form a double guard from piercing cold, —
 Hard pointed staves their footsteps to uphold,
 Wide spreading shoe to cross the yielding snow,
 Where dangerous hollows might be veiled below,
 A store of flints, and pouches well supplied
 With game, or newly dressed, or firmly dried.
 A few short days, and they forsake the spot,
 Yet turn to gaze upon their snow-capped cot,
 And list once more to the enlivening sound
 Of the rude waters that unheeding bound ;
 For tyrant winter in his sternest mood
 Could never quite enchain that sportive flood.
 Whence come the pangs that Osric's heart assail ?
 What linked him to the narrow frozen vale ?
 Who taught their rugged dwelling-place to wear
 Aspect so sweet ! The son of peace was there ;
 And such the charm of heaven-descended peace,
 Her breathing bids th' old war of passion cease

In rebel hearts that pass her quiet cell,
While half they sigh, "Here it were good to dwell!"

Now sterner tasks the travellers' strength demand,
With slippery step they mount the frozen land,
Or through the mazy forest labouring go,
Surrounded, bedded, canopied with snow.
Unequal paths deceive their sinking tread,
And crystal showers descend upon their head,
For when they pluck th' opposing branches by,
Ten thousand spars fall glittering from on high.
While from each pore the toil-drawn moisture steals,
It turns to frost; their very breath congeals
No respite must relieve that panting breath,
They may not pause, for here repose were death;
Yet nought from Osric's lip one murmur drew,
To him 'twas welcome all, for all was new.

As evening fell, a warmer spot they found,
Where firs of fadeless green stood clustering round
Each loaded bough its feathery freight resigns,
Bends to their will, and in a fence entwines;
They clear the narrow ground, extend the skin,
And slowly raise the lingering flame within,
Then take a short repose, and speed their way,
Long ere the mellowing east proclaims the day.
A mighty plain before their sight is spread,
Heaven's spangled arch is stretched above their head,
The moon is hovering on the distant west,
And more than half-extinguished glides to rest,

Revealing where a ridge of mountains high,
 In dark, dim outline, breaks upon the sky.
 Through frosty ether viewed, the stars appear
 Intensely brilliant, beautiful, and near :
 It seemed as that resplendent vault would show
 Her new-born myriads to the world below,
 The blazing orbs their shifting rays combine,
 In throngs so vast, and lustre so divine.
 Yet no increase was there of native light,
 Ether more pure unveiled them to the sight.
 So, in Jehovah's great accounting day,
 When each delusive mist is purged away,
 And truth, unclouded, bursts on mortal eyes,
 How many to eternal joy shall rise,
 And sparkle like the stars, who now pursue
 Their willing task, obscured from public view,
 And, like the stream that glides beneath the ground,
 Bid the rich fruits of righteousness abound,
 Themselves unseen—unnoticed they depart,
 And no man lays their destiny to heart ;
 Yet in the Lord they rest, for they are His,
 Their works shall follow to the world of bliss,
 And though the earth be wrapped in endless night,
 Their splendour shall abide in everlasting light.

How wistfully the mourner's tearful eye
 Rests on the softness of the starry sky !
 Those gentle fires, so kindly, brightly glow,
 Contrasted with this cold, dark world of woe,

The pensive soul such sacred music hears
 In the majestic movement of the spheres,
 The wounded heart so opes to drink the balm
 Distilling in this little hour of calm,
 I would not bid a human voice intrude
 At such mute season, with reflection rude,
 But seek the Lord, in deep and silent prayer,
 To meet the heavenward gaze, and fix it there,
 And lead it on, by paths to man unknown,
 Through the bright barrier to the brighter throne.

While countless fires above our pilgrims glow,
 Unsullied whitencss veils the plain below,
 A mimic sea, whose every hillock gave
 The semblance of an undulating wave,
 And tracks where rapid deer had ploughed their way,
 Rose like a curling ridge of foamy spray.
 The western hills supplied a rocky coast,
 The rest was in the dim horizon lost.
 It seemed a desert, where no vital breath
 Could long abide ; the very realm of death.
 Day came and went, and night returning found
 Our patient travellers near the utmost bound
 Of that wide plain ; Aurora's northern beam
 Breaks on their path, with light and changeful gleam,
 A tall and radiant column first it stood,
 Whose base was resting on the darksome wood,
 Then, quickly spreading on the dazzled sight,
 O'er the broad heaven expands a sheet of light ;

Now in a thousand forms evolving parts,
 In glittering spear and blazing arrow darts,
 Now in a yellow lambent flame decays,
 Then emulates the sun, and sets in vivid rays.

For ever lovely, and for ever new,
 Oh how can nature pall upon the view !
 How at her charms can sickly fashion sneer,
 The worldly slight them, or the pious fear ?
 Though some there be, by rigid scruples taught,
 To deem e'en flowers and stars with peril fraught,
 Go thou, and learn of David to descry
 The glories of the firmament on high,
 God's works and wonders in the mighty deep,
 In earth, and all that on her surface creep ;
 Yea, wisely ponder in thy frequent thought,
 How fearfully he hath thy body wrought ;
 And learn of David's Son the lesson given,
 In lilies of the field, and fowls of heaven :
 Creation typifies redemption's plan,
 God gave his marvels to be marked by man ;
 He who beholds them with regardless eyes,
 Contemns the hand that formed them as unwise.

So thought the Indian Chief, and aptly drew
 Some sweet instruction from each passing view.
 Philosophy and native taste combined,
 Enriched with all their treasures Osric's mind,
 But Jacob's spirit, taught by God alone,
 With light so pure, and joy so holy shone,

Such glowing thoughts his simple faith inspired,
 His wondering comrade listened and admired,
 And bore unconscious witness to the word
 Of holy writ, "who teacheth like the Lord?"

Succeeding suns in watery splendour rose,
 Ere their long task was tending to a close.
 Then smilingly the Indian spoke—"At length,
 One trial more of courage and of strength
 Will place us on a safe and pleasant road,
 Whose windings open on our sweet abode.
 To-morrow's dawn upon our sight will beam
 In bright reflection from a mighty stream,
 Whose frost-bound surface shall our steps uphold;
 That past, three sleeps will bring us to the fold."
 Short seemed the fleeting day that cheerly led
 Through a thin forest their enlivened tread,
 But Jacob inly trembled, when he saw
 Unwelcome tokens of the humid thaw;
 The crystal rind that wrapped the branches round
 Bursting untouched, was strewed upon the ground,
 Unwonted dew stood on the fingery leaf
 Of each green spruce, as in prophetic grief,
 And, for the biting breeze that sharply came,
 Uneasy languor steals upon the frame.
 "Haste, with redoubled speed," the Indian cried,
 "This moisture will unchain th' impatient tide.
 A short delay, all art and strength are vain,
 Our only prospect now the stream to gain,

Lie from their brittle bound the waves find vent—
No game is here—our slender stores are spent
Onward, with speed ”—they urged their rapid way,
Nor paused for respite at the close of day ;
And while the night in gloomy blackness reigned,
Wearied and sad, the river's brink they gained ;
To the dark east they turned then steadfast gaze,
And, sleepless, watched to greet its lingering rays.

CANTO IV



ABODE of sin and woe, polluted earth !
 Thy palaces resound with guilty mirth ;
 Thy cities echo to the mingled cries
 Of lamentable want, and shameless vice ,
 Crime, disappointment, fear, and sorrow, stain
 The rural cottage and the sylvan plain ,
 Unbridled cruelty, and lust, and blood,
 Fix the deep dye upon the savage wood :
 Sin fetters all who draw the vital breath,
 And flings the captive to his follower, Death,
 Who gnaws the fondest ties with ruthless fang,
 Bursts the divided heart, and triumphs in the pang.

• And can it be, that, to so dark a scene,
 So hateful, so rebellious, and unclean,
 The kind regards of pitying love are given
 By the unsullied, blissful hosts of heaven ?

Yes, angels hover o'er this dying world,
 Where floats redemption's banner wide unfurled ;
 And when some guilty mortal turns to look
 In faith on Him the sinner's form who took,
 Strains of new joy through God's high dwelling sound
 An angel's hymn, " A long-lost child is found !"
 And when that ransomed one, with failing breath,
 Bends to the stingless dart of conquered Death,
 The seraph guards their dying charge enclose,
 A fiery bulwark from assaulting foes,
 Catch the low whisper of his parting moan,
 And bear the spirit to Jehovah's throne.

That shining host in bright array were drawn,
 Where Jacob waited for the early morn.
 While many a brow encircled by a crown
 Was racked by furies, on a couch of down
 The radiance of celestial peace o'erspread
 The snow that pillowed that poor Indian's head ;
 And sweet communion with the Lord he loved
 As-sured his soul, and every fear removed.
 Cheerly he rose, at morning's feeble beam,
 And hastened to explore the treacherous stream.

In summer-tide, when light-winged zephyrs blow,
 Those waters rolled majestically slow ;
 And, lashed by autumn's gales, with prouder force,
 Yet all unruffled, held their silent course ;
 But when rough winter would their speed restrain,
 Indignantly they spurned his frosty chain,

Rising in wrath, and swelling to oppose
 The hand that seized the billows where they rose,
 And fettered them in ice : the waters breathe
 Their angry murmurs in the depths beneath,
 And raging to resume their wonted sway,
 With ceaseless friction wear the links away ;
 And if the humid air awhile befriend,
 In fierce revolt their prison bars they rend,
 Scatter the broken wrecks, and gushing rise,
 With loud acclaim, to greet the favouring skies,
 In triumph premature ; the despot reign
 Of iron frost awards a firmer chain ;
 But long the fissure and the gap will show
 That lurking peril still abides below,
 Warning the ventrous pilgrim to forbear,
 Nor rashly plant a step unguarded there.

With folded arms, the pensive Indian eyed
 The yet unbroken surface of the tide,
 With heedful ear he caught the hollow sound,
 Gazed on the heavy mist that floated round,
 Then, while submission marked his placid look,
 To Osric turned, and, sadly smiling, spoke :—
 “ Still on the water floods Jehovah reigns,
 The hollow of his hand their bulk contains ;
 At his command they spring from depths below,
 Stand when he speaks, and at his breathing flow ;
 ’Tis He alone the pliant stream employs,
 When life it nurtures, or that life destroys ;

And as He wills to bind or loose the wave,
 This river yields a passage or a grave.
 'Tis ours with care the prudent path to choose,
 His to direct, and bless the means we use ;
 Deliverance may attend our onward way,
 Destruction surely triumphs in delay."
 Now struggling in the east, the rising beam
 Athwart the vapour shoots a dusky gleam,
 The mist ascends, yet long the landscape shrouds
 Beneath a canopy of curling clouds.
 The steadfast gaze might dimly trace below
 A dubious line, a broken ridge of snow ;
 Unequal, indistinct, that outline gave
 The utmost boundary of the frozen wave :
 No farther view would the dull morn unfold,
 'Twas vapour all, in swelling volumes rolled.
 Towers not a mountain there, in lofty grace,
 While vassal clouds are floating round its base ?
 The mountain disappears, the clouds unite,
 And new illusions mock the wearied sight,
 While Jacob seeks a landmark, meet to guide
 Their dark and ventrous way across the tide.

As warily along the bank they go,
 The Indian spoke—"Such is man's path below !
 Before his reckless foot a gulf is spread,
 And mists impervious roll around his head.
 No guide, no guard, through the dim maze is given,
 Save the unclouded beam revealed from heaven,

And He who bade the light from darkness shine,
 Has promised, ' seek it, and it shall be thine.'
 That word unknown, neglected, or forgot,
 Man will not seek it, for he loves it not.
 Yet on he fares, self-confident and proud,
 Embodies and adorns some fleeting cloud
 With fancied good, gives it a sounding name,
 And calls it honour, pleasure, virtue, fame,
 Keeps the deceptive shadow in his eyes,
 And, hopeless, in the fond illusion dies,
 Dies in his sin :—as fails his struggling breath,
 The armed law drives home the sting of death,
 And shows the phantom he had served so well
 A painted mask upon the mouth of hell.
 The mighty, and the noble, and the wise,
 Truth's lowly garb and simple speech despise ;
 And soon, dread retribution ! such shall hear,
 From mocking fiends, the everlasting jeer,
 While tempting forms of glory and delight,
 In gay succession, dance before their sight,
 And the loud cry by withering anguish wrung,
 ' One liquid drop to cool this flaming tongue !'
 Is answered by the fierce tormentors' jest,
 And distant hallelujahs of the blest."

. With sudden pause his listening friend he eyed,
 " Lo, here we venture on the brittle tide !
 Perchance ere yet the sun yon mist o'erpowers,
 Death, judgment, and eternity are ours."

Osric undaunted smiled ; “ Then farewell life,
 Farewell to disappointment, pain, and strife !
 Clad in a thousand forms, from day to day,
 Hath the grim tyrant scowled upon my way,
 And still unmoved I gazed upon his brow ;
 I feared him not, nor do I fear him now.
 Wedged in the ice above, or whelmed beneath,
 A few short gaspings, and we cease to breathe ;
 Nature, our mother, yields a peaceful grave,
 And cradles us within the rocking wave ;
 Our lofty funeral vault, the spacious sky,
 The whispering breeze our endless lullaby.
 Let thundering tempests rave in upper air,
 They cannot break our quiet slumbers there,
 While the slow moving finger of decay,
 Defacing, steals each lineament away.
 Well may the wearied frame, the care-worn breast,
 Hail such serene repose, and deep unbroken rest !”

“ Can dreams so wild thy parting spirit cheer ?
 C'on wisdom's earliest lesson, learn to fear.
 Is death a silent sleep, a closing night ?
 No, 'tis the flashing of eternal light
 On the astonished soul, when rent away
 From its dark tenement of breathing clay,
 It launches forth on space without a bound,
 Ten thousand legions of immortals round
 To gaze upon the guest : a thronging band
 Of stern accusers, who their prey demand,

Here spreading in our path the wily snare,
 Proclaiming each forgotten trespass there.
 Poor naked soul ! caust thou Jehovah meet,
 In flaming fire upon the judgment seat,
 When earth and ocean all their dead resign,
 And trembling flee away before that face divine ?
 Can thy stout heart endure, when forth is brought
 The long full roll of each unhallowed thought,
 Each deed of darkness, all thy words of pride,
 Thy squandered time, and talent misapplied ?
 Know'st thou for whom expands the gulf of hell ?
 For whom yon waiting bands of demons yell ?
 That place, by angels and by men abhorred,
 Burns for the people who forget the Lord.
 Of God's presumptuous foes the common spot
 Is, their Creator they remembered not.
 And if a fiercer flame, a keener fang,
 Be yet reserved, theirs is the trebled pang
 Whose unbelief a Saviour's name withstood,
 Despised His cross, and trampled on His blood.
 Less wretched they of Sodom's sulph'rous fire,
 Of impious Sidon, and of purple Tyre,
 Than those who turn away their heedless gaze,
 When Christ the banner of his love displays,
 Resist the grace His striving Spirit brings,
 And grovel in the mire of earthly things.
 No more with dauntless front thy Maker brave,
 But know thyself, a sinner and a slave.
 Cast down thy rebel arms, and bow the knee
 To Him, whose blood alone can cleanse and set thee free.

"O that the conqu'ror, with resistless hand,
 Would bend that stubborn neck to His command;
 Flash on thy spirit with conviction bright,
 And on thy darkness pour the fount of light!
 He hath not met thee in the stormy blast,
 Nor in the fire, nor rocking earthquake passed:
 Perchance the whisper of the still small tone
 May reach thee yet, and there the Lord be shown;
 And if thy quailing heart no more desire
 To brave almighty wrath, untempered fire,
 Kneel, ere the path of peril yet be trod,
 And cast thy soul upon the Son of God,
 Jesus, the sinner's hope." Then bending low
 In the deep hollows of the softening snow,
 While Oslie, in despite of swelling pride,
 Abashed, with head declining, knelt beside,
 He prayed—"O Thou, the Everlasting One,
 Thy name be hallowed, and thy will be done.
 From men below, and shining hosts above,
 Eternal praise be to redeeming love!
 'Tis to that love alone we make appeal,
 O be it thine to pardon and to heal!
 And may the Spirit, with unuttered groan,
 Waft our weak cry to thy celestial throne,
 And bid the sweet response our bosom fill,
 'Fear not, thou worm, for I will help thee still.'
 Be with us while we cross the treacherous stream,
 And if it be thy will, our lives redeem;
 But if entombed beneath the gushing wave,
 Stay from the pit, and rescue from the grave,

The forfeit souls, that know no hope, no plea
But the high ransom paid, thou bleeding Lamb, by thee.'

Now with the quick despatch of anxious care
The stake they sharpen, and the thong prepare ;
Broad even slips, cleft from the stoutest hide,
Selected warily, and firmly tied,
They coil, and fix upon the lengthy pole,
And soon beneath their tread the sullen waters roll.
The Indian leads the way, his piercing eye
And cautious foot the rugged surface try,
On tiptoe raised, he drives with forceful blow
His trusty staff deep through the drifted snow ;
And still the stubborn ice repels the shock,
Unmoved, unbroken as the solid rock.
Slow but secure, they gain the central way,
And the long line of distant shore survey,
That banks the mighty stream ; the stone is bare,
And trickling waters find a channel there.
The Indian strikes, and marks with boding pain
A murmuring echo rise—he strikes again,
More loud and hollow comes th' unwelcome sound,
The ice in faint vibration trembles round,
In that still pause which ventures not to breathe
He hears the struggling current chafe beneath,
And notes that in the distance gurgling swell
A tale of deeper fear, and wilder peril tell.
Then Osric spoke, " Delay is idle here,
Speed with swift pace the sheltering shore to near ;

Brittle, but yet uncles, the frozen plain
 May the light form and rapid step sustain."
 "It cannot be," the Indian cried, "for lo,
 Beneath yon bank the stealing waters flow,
 And infancy itself, with playful bound,
 Would pierce the surface of the deep profound—
 Hark to that sudden swell!" and while he spoke,
 With echoing crash the frail enclosure broke,
 As smote by giant arm; it bends, divides,
 And high upon the heaving waters rides.
 The rugged fragments, whelmed and crushed, and even,
 In wild confusion by the torrent driven,
 Form many a scattered heap, and fresh between,
 Bending their circling course, the victor waves are seen.
 The giddy wrecks opposing currents hurl,
 Tossed on the tide, and swallowed in the whirl.

Now elemental war is raging loud,
 A storm of hail breaks from the sweeping cloud,
 That blinding deluge hides the friendly shore,
 Beats on the rattling ice, and swells the roar.
 Still had our pilgrims' firmer wedge withstood
 The fierce assault of each succeeding flood,
 Though angry waters, raving as they pass,
 Tear the thin edge from the diminished mass,
 But hark! a louder crash—and gliding slow,
 Borne on the rolling cataract they go,
 Poising their frozen raft, which, deep and wide,
 Unwilling floats upon the conquering tide.

No word they spoke ; for who shall utterance dare
 When God's tremendous outstretched arm is bare ?
 When He in thunder speaks his sovereign will,
 Man, lordly man, must tremble, and be still.
 And still are they : in awful pause they stand
 Beneath the shadow of Jehovah's hand,
 Which girds them round, and holds at fearful bay
 The spirits of the deep, that clamour for their prey.
 On goes the crystal bark, with gratings hoarse,
 An unseen pilot guides its reeling course ;
 In vain the roaring waters chafe around,
 In vain the frequent wreck, with thund'ring sound,
 Is dashed and rent upon its plunging sides ;
 The wave it masters, and the shock derides,
 The adamantine keel, with changeless form,
 Still cuts a broad dark furrow thro' the storm.

The clouds, disburthened of their liquid store,
 Receding now, unveil the welcome shore,
 And brighter beams to the glad sight display
 The firm enclosure of an icy bay,
 Where all subdued a limpid current glides,
 To lave with silent stream the massive sides.
 Across their way the friendly crescent bends,
 And an arresting arm so wide extends,
 They cannot fail, when slowly drifting nigh,
 By one bold feat to gain the land and liberty.

Each sparkling glance the glowing thought bespeaks,
 And Hope's young smile half dimples on their cheeks ;

But far that spreading bay and shore appear,
 And succour is remote, and danger near ;
 For still the fretful eddies wheel around,
 The waters gush, the whirling fragments bound,
 And the choked stream still threatens to delay
 Their labouring course, and bar their onward way.
 And now the raft is turned with wavering sweep,
 And now it rests, among a shapeless heap
 Of frozen wrecks, in thick disorder piled,
 Rising like mountain-crags, abrupt and wild,
 And forming, as by sight unpractised scanned,
 A rude but solid pathway to the land.

Then first the voice of man unfettered broke
 Through the loud wat'ry tumult, Osric spoke—
 “ Amid the choice of perils how decide ?
 To scale this rocky bridge, or here abide ?
 Yon tumbling spars, that crowd with clashing din,
 Ere long shall wedge our brittle bulwark in,
 And lingering death ensues ;—what brave we more
 Than speedier death, if hasting to the shore ?”

“ Tempt not that faithless bridge !—the shattered mass
 Will part, and plunge thee headlong ere thou pass.
 Fresh eddies shall engulf, and currents strew
 Those lesser blocks of ice, and thus renew
 Our slow but certain progress : here abide
 With patient mind ; the Lord will yet provide.”

“ Then rest thou here, and mark while I explore
 Yon path, inviting to the rocky shore ;

If haply thou behold'st me rescued there,
 Then follow me, and if I fall forbear.
 Oppose me not :—bold enterprise may gain
 The meed that timid caution seeks in vain ;
 Or failing, this unfruitful life of mine,
 Shall be a willing forfeiture for thine,
 Blest to preserve thy being's useful span :
 Azmourai, Jacob, true to God and man,
 Farewell !"—and bounding o'er the narrow deep,
 With venturous step he mounts the frozen heap.

The Indian marks the deed with flushing brow,
 "And shall I pause, and see thee perish now ?
 In darkest peril Zaila's charge forsake ?
 Gen'rous and rash ! thy doom I must partake."
 His heavy mantle at his feet he flings,
 Poising his staff aloft, and lightly springs.
 Fleet as the mountain goat he bounds along,
 And hurls with nervous arm the whizzing thong
 In Osric's path : he turns his wond'ring view
 Where the bold Indian's steps his course pursue,
 Who passing, smiles, "Subdue thy roving pride,
 And deign to follow :—I am still thy guide."

Through the wide maze their winding path they wreathe
 The loose, unsteady fragments quake beneath ;
 And from their base the growling murmurs creep,
 As roused, unwilling, from a short-lived sleep.
 And now they glide afar, and parting show
 The wild and gloomy gulfs that gape below,

Unlike the frozen raft, a glassy field,
 Those rolling blocks no equal surface yield,
 Awhile they shine above, then dive away,
 Like ocean-monsters sinking mid the spray ;
 And barely can the rapid step speed on,
 Ere the last moment's frail support is gone.
 Lo ! where the panting travellers, side by side,
 Press one weak block :—it breaks and they divide !
 And where is Jacob ? In an eddy strong,
 Borne on a whirling wreck, he spins along,
 And disappears. Osric with desperate leap,
 Of life regardless, springs from heap to heap,
 Stung by remorse, and goaded by despair,
 His only wish the Indian's fate to share :—
 Reckless where lies his path, each nerve he strains,
 And the firm ground, unmoved and thankless, gains,
 Mounting a rock, whose rising peak displays
 The widest range to his impatient gaze.

Abruptly darting through his cloudy screen,
 The sun now breaks upon the dazzling scene,
 Strews rainbow tints upon the crystal wrecks,
 And with a silvery foil the water decks.
 Nor tint nor beam was fair to Osric's view,
 One lone dark speck his fixed attention drew :
 And is it life ? or doth fond fancy give
 Creative power, to bid that object live ?
 It moves—it heaves ;—down from the rock's moist side
 Once more he launches on the imprisoned tide,

That bears him well, and still the cheering ray
 Illumes, and guides him on his eager way,
 To where with pallid brow and gasping breath,
 The Indian meekly waits the barb of death.
 Rent in the mighty crash, that spot reveals
 Where through a narrow cleft the water steals,
 And here a transient rest the Chieftain found
 From his wild conflict with the waves around ;
 For long with dauntless mind and daring hand,
 He bore them down, and struggled for the land ;
 By wary skill oft -bunned th' impending blow,
 Bent the wide circuit round, or dived below ;
 And oft to board that frozen plain essayed,
 But still the brittle verge his grasp betrayed,
 And mocked his hope ; till, wounded and o'erspent,
 He gained the sheltering creek that fissure lent.
 Firm in his teeth retained, the stubborn thong
 Had drawn a remnant of his staff along,
 And now across the narrow streamlet spread,
 That rod sustains his arm and drooping head,
 Propped on the solid ice ; and, thus upraised,
 While with calm eye on heaven's clear vault he gazed,
 Yet half engulfed beneath the greedy wave,
 He seemed a living tenant of the grave.

• With what triumphant joy our Osric bore
 His faint and wondering comrade to the shore,
 Whose soul, already winged, and blithe to go,
 Seemed loath to turn, and tarry yet below,

And there abide. O be it thine to own
 The Lord hath led thee by a way unknown,
 Straightened thy crooked paths, and deigned to shine
 Upon thy darkened eye with rays divine !
 Thine may it be, through rolling years, to grace
 With brighter gifts, my vacant dwelling-place,
 With shepherd care my little flock to keep,
 And where I sowed, do thou the harvest reap.
 Then follow me. Methinks I can survey
 The dawn that ushers in salvation's day ;
 That beam is rising in thy troubled breast—
 The Lord hath blessed thee, and thou shalt be blessed.
 Snatched from an idol world, preserved to prove
 Redeeming mercy and chastising love,
 The dewy showers of grace shall melt thy soul,
 Made willing in the day of His supreme controul."

Again the silent earth is wrapped in night,
 And heaven is spangled with her lamps of light.
 Their twinkling beams have glanced on Jacob's bed,
 And, half revived, he rears his dying head.
 " Now bear me forth ; these lonesome shores have rung
 To many a wild disdainful death-song, sung
 By warrior captives : 'neath this scanty wood
 The dwellings of a warlike nation stood,
 And here the fiends who joy in mortals' woe,
 Have bade the lip blaspheme, the life-blood flow ;
 The victor and the vanquished here supplied
 With racking cruelty, and hell-born pride :—

Oh let one Indian Chief his death-song raise
In these bleak regions, to Jehovah's praise!"

Borne from the narrow hut, he lies reclined,
His dark hair streaming on the midnight wind,
Earth, sky, and water, spread before his view,
While thus he greets them with a calm adieu:—
“Ye rolling tides, that heave the crystal wave,
Ye rocks that glitter, and ye woods that wave,
Farewell:—your little day will soon be o'er,
And liquid flame your crackling wrecks devour.
And ye, resplendent orbs, who still proclaim
Throughout this heedless ball th' eternal name,
And, eloquently mute, to all below,
Declare His glory, and His wonders show,
Ev'n ye shall fade—these heavens shall pass away,
And nature one terrific blank display,
Rest of her gorgeous majesty and pride,
And, like a tattered garment, cast aside.
Nought shall survive of this stupendous plan,
Nought but the naked soul of trembling man:
And where shall I, a helpless sinner, flee?
O let me find my hiding-place in Thee!
On Thee, O Lord, my burthened spirit cast,
My Alpha and Omega, first and last.
‘Before this earth emerged from pristine shade,
Ere the foundations of the hills were laid,
Then, Lord, wert Thou: the Father's best delight,
Dwelling in rays insufferably bright,

Each bending angel, as thy praise he sings,
 Conceals his dazzled eye beneath his wings.
 Ye seraphs turn, unveil the wondering gaze,
 Suspend the song, and pause in deep amaze,
 For He, erewhile in heavenly power arrayed,
 Is now a mortal babe, in a rude manger laid,
 There, for the halcyons of the sky,
 The pale, fair Virgin chaunts her lullaby,
 And strives with feeble arm to ward away
 The rough intruders from his couch of hay,
 For rudely pressing nigh, the hungry beast
 Claims from that narrow crib his wonted feast.
 No more from cherub lips, the hymns resound,
 But even low, and camels snort around, —
 And wherefore thus?—why on thy creature earth,
 A wand'ring outcast from thy mystic birth,
 Lord of unnumber'd worlds!—why hast thou borne
 The barb of calumny, the jest of scorn,
 The fierce temptation, and the pangs of woe,
 The shudd'ring dread, the agonizing throe,
 The wife of treachery, the felon's doom,
 The buffet and the scourge, the cross and tomb!
 Had not thy slightest beck, thy glancing eye,
 Summoned a thousand legions from the sky,
 And the stern fiat of thy bidding hurled,
 Down to the deep-most hell this rebel world—
 If such thy will?—but thou hast bowed the head
 And drain'd the cup, and slumbered with the dead,
 And now—Ye seraphs shout the joyful strain,
 Echo thou earth, the Lord is risen again!

Behold the mighty victor homeward ride—
 Unbar th' eternal gates and fling them wide,
 And who shall close them now ? I come, I come,
 Through that broad entrance, to my Father's home.
 Heir of immortal life through faith revealed,
 Bought by thy blood, and with thy Spirit sealed,
 My Lord, I come.—O let my failing breath
 Resound thy name e'en in the gasp of death,
 Jesus—Redeemer!"—and the soul had flown,
 To meet the Lord of life, in that triumphant tone.

The glazing eye was closed, and Osric lay
 Immoveable as that unconscious clay :
 A deep and fearful awe, a sullen grief,
 Spurned far the aid of slumber's soft relief.
 The flame expired, the hours unnoticed rolled,
 A loneliness so drear, a chill so cold
 Pressed on his aching heart, that thought beside
 Might claim a feeling, or a glance divide,
 Till dawn appeared with mournful pace, to shed
 Her blue sepulchral light upon the dead.

If thou would'st blunt the edge, and calm the smart,
 Of disappointment's fang and sorrow's dart,
 Quell mortal fear, disgrace and want abide,
 • Shame thy rude lusts, controul thy daring pride,
 And still the war of passion's angry breath,
 Go gaze upon the leaden brow of death.
 It is a book of wisdom, written plain
 By Him who never traced a line in vain.

Deck as thou wilt that stern and ghastly hue,
 Disguise with laurels, or with roses strew ;
 In silken gear the rigid limbs unfold,
 O'ertop with waving plumes, and crisp with gold—
 'Tis yet the face of death, and yet must thrill
 Through thy cowed spirit with a boding chill.
 The sweetest tongue that ever knew to pour
 The flood of eloquence from learning's store,
 In all the flow of breath, could never speak
 So well, so wisely as a clay-cold cheek ;—
 And when the glance of morning, chill and pale,
 Pourtrayed in livid lines that awful tale
 On the fixed traits of death, and feebly shone
 To light the earthly house whose guest was gone ;
 That scene so deeply stamped, in Osric's thought,
 The seal of life on every truth he taught,
 It seemed as though his heaven-appointed guide,
 Who lived to teach, had to enforce them died.

With heavy step the silent wanderer goes,
 A grave to hollow in the firmest snows
 Beneath a bank : then from the lifeless breast
 Strips the broad girdle and th' embroidered vest ;
 His rugged mantle wraps around the dead,
 And gently sinks him in his lonely bed.
 One last, long, farewell look :—and must he part ?
 Resistless grief is heaving in his heart ;
 And yet, amid the struggles of despair,
 A new triumphant joy is rising there.

Half-oped within his soul, Faith's infant eye
 Kens the bright mansions of eternity ;
 Can they be Osric's ? Yestereve he heard
 Incredulous his friend's prophetic word,
 Aug'ring the good he willed ; but now desire
 Kindles to prayer, and hope augments the fire.
 Behold, he prays ! beside the lowly grave,
 He calls on One omnipotent to save.
 O louder far than echoing thunders, roll
 The feeblest wailings of a new-born soul
 On the great Father's ear : that cry can quell
 Satanic rage, and daunt the hosts of hell.
 The contrite sinner's prayer a tone hath given
 Of melody more full to all the songs of heaven.

CANTO V

SWIFT is the Sabbath eve, to those who tread
 The Temples of the Lord, and love to spread
 Their wants and woes before his footstool there,
 Confess his bounty and his praise declare
 A little flock, led by their Shepherd's hand,
 Who know his voice, and bow to his command
 And such a fold of simple sheep was found
 On the wide plain, by hills encompass'd round
 And such a Pastor as the Lord approved,
 He used holy hands amid the flock he loved,
 And scattered on the calm unruffled air
 Th' accepted incense of his evening prayer,
 Within a homely fane —The moon's young light
 Was softly stealing round the brow of night—
 But stronger rays the oily tapers shed,
 Where the rich stores of wisdom lay outspread,
 And one of darker hue and Indian speech,
 The truths of that pure record rose to teach

Beside, with cheek reclined upon his hand,
 Sate the white father of the swarthy band,
 Who travailed for their souls : his eye of blue,
 And shining front, and locks of silver hue,
 Bespoke the ancient Missionary guest,
 The Indian's friend, Apostle of the West.
 With pensive smile, and meek declining head,
 He listened while his dark-haired pupil read,
 And seemed to say, as those glad accents cease,
 " Lord, now thy servant can depart in peace,
 Since to the Gentile lands thy light is shown,
 Thy truth proclaimed, and thy salvation known."
 Slowly he rose, the portion to divide,
 To every case and every soul applied
 The sustenance of life—and mildly grave,
 The warning uttered, and the counsel gave.
 No breath was audible, no motion broke
 The deepening stillness while the Teacher spoke ;
 The balmy softness of his theme distils
 Like Hermon's dew on Zion's circling hills,
 Awhile he dwelt upon th' eternal word,
 Then humbly kneeled, " now let us seek the Lord "

He prayed for all, but chief for one beloved,
 Who far amid the wintry desert roved
 To find a wandering sheep—to Him he prayed
 Who came to seek and save the flock that strayed,
 That he would guard the pilgrims through the wood,
 Safe from the foe, the tempest, and the flood,

Unharm'd conduct them to that sacred dome,
 And gather them in a celestial home.
 Whence came that stifled sob ? down many a cheek
 The rolling tears a brother's love bespeak,
 But one there is, low in a shaded place,
 Who deeply in his mantle veils his face—
 A stranger he—his hand and chesnut hair
 An alien to the Indian race declare ;
 Yet from his breast the struggling sorrow breaks,
 And all his frame with keen emotion shakes.
 And now the patriarchal blessing given,
 Slowly the aged minister of heaven
 Moves through the filial throng, a broader light
 Shews the advancing wanderer to his sight,
 And they have met—the gazing crowd divide,
 And now enclose them in a circle wide,
 Boding some ill unknown ; but not a note
 Can yet find vent from Osric's swelling throat.
 He hastes upon the simple bench to lay
 The girdle and the vest, and turns away.
 Near and more near, each awe-struck Indian draws,
 But yet no voice hath broke the solemn pause—
 Though Osric's trembling lip and panting breath,
 Too well and truly tell the tale of death.
 The Pastor's cheek hath turned to ashy white,
 Those well-known objects swim upon his sight ;
 Now his thin hands are raised in silent woe,
 And now they clasp upon his silvery brow,
 While the unfettered sigh is bursting loud,
 And low lamentings echo from the crowd.

The Pastor turns, their rising griefs to quell,
 And bids a hymn of holy triumph swell
 To Him who rent away th' envenomed sting,
 And crushed the conquests of the gloomy king.

Now Osric welcomes each enquiring eye,
 To each fond querist gives the full reply ;
 And ull have parted, in their huts to dwell
 On the sad tale of him they loved so well.
 The wanderer in the Pastor's tranquil home
 Recounts the fate that led his steps to roam—
 The shipwreck and the coast his lips describe,
 His long sojourn among the savage tribe ;
 Ayuta's falsehood, Zaila's vent'rous deed,
 And Jacob's faith, in rapid sketch succeed.
 And last, and half reluctant, came behind
 The new convictions of his wakening mind.
 With tearful smile, the good old Pastor hung
 On sounds so long unheard ; his native tongue
 By native taste refined, and wondering viewed
 The mighty vanquished, and the proud subdued,
 While each event, his labouring thoughts retrace,
 And yield new glory to the God of grace.

A band of Christian brothers have withdrawn
 Tow'rd the wide river with the earliest dawn ;
 Marshalled in willing pilgrimage they go
 To bear their chieftain from his grave of snow,
 And give, in his lamenting people's sight,
 The last sad honours of the fun'ral rite.

The spot they know ; and Osric stays to rest /
 His worn and weary frame, the Pastor's guest,
 Whose converse time redeems with sacred skill,
 While love and wisdom from his lips distil.

Joyous he tells, how, led by patient toil,
 Hath teeming plenty crowned that snow-clad soil.
 Where dinted rocks the long defiance rung
 Ere from the softened earth a harvest sprung.
 These, from their sandy beds reluctant torn,
 In sculpture rude the sylvan town adorn,
 To the light hut a firm foundation yield,
 Restrain the tide, or bound the narrow field.
 " Down yonder slope, with smiling cots arrayed,
 A tangled forest frowned in twilight shade ;
 Where gardens bloom in cultured beauty fair,
 The serpent bred, and foxes formed the lair
 On noisome weeds : the she-wolf growling trod
 Where that hight dome o'ertops the fane of God.

" But sweeter yet, the rose of love adorns
 A soil where sprung contention's briery thorns :
 Subdued by potent grace, no more abide
 The glooms of hate, the stubborn rocks of pride.
 No longer thrive the noxious weeds of sin,
 The desert smiles, and all is calm within.
 Infernal tyrants quelled, and peace restored,
 Man's heart can yield a temple to the Lord,
 The heart that still, in nature's hand, had been
 A den of vipers and of beasts unclean."

“ Say, therefore doth resistless sin controul
 The high aspirings of a deathless soul,
 And evil in her serpent folds embrace
 With wide polluting stain our lordly race?
 Tells not the form erect, the musing eye,
 Of loftier birth, and prouder destiny,
 Than the dark fortunes of each earth-born slave;
 A captive in the womb—a victim in the grave!”

“ A little lower than the angels found,
 Yet with superior glory man was crowned;
 Pure in his nature, royal in his birth,
 He rose, sole monarch of the new-made earth.
 The brightest seraph in Jehovah’s train
 Was formed a servant—man was born to reign.
 Stamped with the image of th’ eternal mind,
 When the first parent of the human kind
 In native majesty unsullied stood,
 The Lord beheld him, and pronounced him *good*.
 ‘ Me as thy God and Father still obey,
 And rule the earth with undisputed sway.’
 ’Twas in such terms the high commission ran
 From heaven’s great King to his vicegerent man.
 Turn to the sacred page—let that unfold
 How wretched Adam his possession sold;
 Sold,—for such bribe as man may blush to tell,—
 His reign to Satan, and his soul to hell,
 Dooming sad myriads with his tainted breath
 To inborn guilt and everlasting death :

For all our race in Adam was contained,
 And fell in him, with one transgression stained.
 The light of holiness was quenched by sin,
 The foe admitted, fixed his throne within ;
 The sire a bond-slave, could the sons be free ?
 Grow wholesome fruits upon a pois'nous tree ?
 That foul rebellion into ruin hurled
 Creation's work, and wrecked a beautiful world :
 Bade dark corruption like a deluge roll
 On nature's form, and man's immortal soul,
 The impress of the God it dared efface,
 While evil, only evil, filled His place."

" If helpless thus, from every good estranged,
 Divorced from God, and to a demon changed,
 Ere yet the mind can list to reason's voice,
 Ponder the end, and fix the awful choice,
 Why chides the Lord ? his creature can fulfil
 Nought but the dictates of his sovereign will."

" Hush to thy proud retort ! O man beware,
 The tempter lures thee to a deadly snare :
 Would'st thou explore, with dim and blinking eye,
 God's fathomless decrees ? to HIM reply :
 Thine erring reason's flimsy web forego ;
 The Lord hath said it, and it must be so.

" Yet mark, how dawning sense, throughout our race
 The bondage seals, confirms the deep disgrace.

See wayward infancy its monarch choose,
 Prefer the evil and the good refuse.
 Ere from its lip the lisping phrase can flow,
 See malice, envy, flush the polished brow,
 See baby lust extend its eager grasp,
 The one forbidden toy intent to clasp,
 Impatience, rage, and dark rebellion shroud
 The cherub features in a sullen cloud.
 Go, Disputant, and in the cradle scan
 Each embryo wickedness of fallen man.

" Or leave thy fellow's heart, and view thine own,
 Canst thou the tyrant's willing chain disown ?
 Who first on thine enamoured sight unfurled
 The gorgeous banner of this painted world,
 And bid the worthless toys of sense and time,
 Outweigh the treasures of a heavenly clime !
 Was it not he who turned thy youthful gaze
 From the bright beams of truth's meridian blaze,
 And bade thee choose the false and meteor glare
 Of human wisdom, fancy, folly, care ?
 Was it not he who drugg'd the sickening draught
 Of mortal tenderness thy lip hath quaffed,
 And wrung the poison in that honied bowl,
 Sweet to the lip, but anguish in the soul ?
 And when thy Eden of delight was lost,
 Who sent thee idling to a foreign coast,
 To seek a shade ? and when Jehovah's hand
 Snatched from the wreck and bore thee to the land ;

Who closed the lip, strung the unbending limb,
 That could not move in gratitude to Him,
 Thy Lord, thy Saviour—shame on human pride !
 Who fill'd with perfidy thine Indian guide,
 Mocked thy proud hopes, procured that shameful doom,
 And thought to close thee in a sudden tomb,
 And bear thy spirit to the dark domain,
 Where victims like thyself gnaw the eternal chain ?
 The Lord hath saved thee from the fowler's snare,
 The Lord hath led thee with a father's care,
 He reined the storm, dispersed the tainted breath
 Of pestilence, and marred the aim of death.
 And yet how long thou wrought'st thy stubborn will,
 Preserved by miracle to brave him still !
 And oh, how long the slighted voice of love
 Thrilled on thy ear, and sought thy soul to move,
 Ere thou wouldst turn, forsake the beaten road,
 And view the gate that led thee to thy God !
 Yes, man is vile, a self-devoted tool
 In Satan's hand ; his purchase and his fool—
 But man may rise from ruin : thou hast viewed
 One in the image of his God renewed,
 And seen, in that believer's parting breath,
 How faith can triumph over sin and death.

“ In martial might, in human virtue proud,
 Azmourai tower'd above the savage crowd :
 Each kindlier feeling dwelt within his breast,
 A native produce or a welcome guest ;

Adoring throughs his every deed approve,
 Light of their eyes, and centre of their love.
 He fought, and conquest sate upon his spear ;
 He counselled, and prosperity was near.
 Ambition ruled his soul ; he joyed to reign
 The prince, the father of his native plain,
 And rather had he heard the knell of death,
 Than the low hum of disaffection's breath.

“ O ne'er can the remembrance fade away,
 Of the stern gaze, the menacing array,
 The bristling spears, the nicely balanced dart,
 Winged for the flight and all prepared to part,
 The narrowing ring that round the chieftain press'd,
 When the baptismal stream was trickling on his
 breast.

The self-abasing portraiture he drew
 Had roused their rage ; they could not brook to view
 In him, the good, the noble, and the brave,
 A pardoned sinner and a ransomed slave.
 His people were his all, no other tie
 Twined round his heart or shone upon his eye ;
 They were his heritage, his regal dome,
 His father, mother, children, wife, and home ;
 And them he gave ; his graceful head he bowed
 Beneath the clamours of the raging crowd,
 And when a faithful band their will made known
 To quell th' opposers and restore his throne,
 A secret fugitive he sped away—
 Yet more than conqu'ror—from the ripening fray,

Lest eager friends and stubborn foes should roll
 The charge of blood upon his shrinking soul.
 O wond'rous power, a stony heart to change,
 And man from all his native self estrange !
 Had the proud chief, ere yet by grace subdued,
 In glory or in love a rival viewed,
 His soul had kindled into vengeful ire,
 And blood alone had quenched the scorching fire ;
 Yet when he heard thy pleading lips declare
 Thy love to Zaila, his revenge was prayer.
 Through midnight shades he saw the maid depart,
 The lone defenceless treasure of his heart,
 And broke a murmur forth, as then he bore
 Thee, his unconscious rival, from the shore ?
 Or did a deed, a word, a glance betray
 One jealous pang upon thy lengthened way ?
 This last great triumph over self was given,
 To crown the fight, and ripen him for heaven.

“ O friend so gently kind, so meekly sage,
 The staff, the solace of my bending age,
 And shall my failing eyes no more behold
 Thy shepherd love amid this weeping fold ?
 Wilt thou no more my awful burden share,
 Trim the weak lamp of faith, and raise the hand of prayer ?
 Wilt thou no more my wandering thoughts recal,
 Cheer when I droop, and lift me when I fall ?
 No more to rouse my slumbering soul withdraw
 The veil, and shew the terrors of the law :
 With sweet assurance all my doubts remove,
 Or pour the cordial of a Saviour's love ?

Wilt thou no more—ye sinful sorrows, peace :
 Lord, bid my hope revive, my murmurs cease.—
 Dare I rebuke thee? thou hast claimed thine own,
 And placed that priestly king on an eternal throne.

“ His was a lot above the common race,
 A sterner conflict and abounding grace :
 Yet many, in the humble flock around,
 If theirs the trial, were as constant found ;
 Heirs of a faith as pure, a hope as bright,
 And meet partakers with the saints in light.

“ O let me, Lord, in wondering joy adore
 Thy name, who led me from my native shore !
 Taught by thy Spirit, by thy love constrained,
 And by thine everlasting arm sustained,
 E'en I could from the mighty rend the prey,
 And bear the captives freed by thee away.
 Thrice blessed privilege ! for thee to feel
 Hunger, and thirst, and nakedness, and steel,
 The dreary wilderness for thee explore ;
 And where the living surges wildly roar,
 To cast the Gospel net, and to thy hand
 Present the tribute of a heathen land—
 The first-fruits off'ring—Lord, before our sight,
 The fields are teeming, and the harvest white :
 And shall it fall, and perish on the ground,
 For lack of reapers? bid the summons sound ;
 Send forth a missioned band, ordained of thee,
 And let the armies of the mighty flee

Before the beauteous feet of him who brings
 Tidings of peace and joy from thee, the King of kings.
 When shall the tide of soft compassion flow
 O'er the sad story of a brother's woe,
 Throughout the polished race? oh when shall love
 To human kind, the selfish bosom move,
 And musing crowds in solemn wonder scan
 The priceless value of the soul of man!
 Av'rice would ope his chest, and folly pour
 Her glittering trinkets in the sacred store,
 And send, where Christian foot hath never trod,
 A peaceful host to fight the battles of their God.

"On us be all the peril, shame, and toil,
 But let thy household, Lord, divide the spoil,
 And the broad blessing share: O now inspire
 Thy gathered churches with intense desire,
 And fervent supplication; bid them pray
 For us, who bear the burden of the day,
 The brunt and fury of the combat prove,
 Far from the soothings of the friends we love,
 Far from the hallowed house of thine abode,
 And sweet communion with the saints of God,
 To them so free: O tell them we explore
 The dens that echo to the lion's roar,
 Our foe and thine:—we come to wrest away
 From his terrific grasp the helpless prey,
 Ourselves as weak, as impotent to save,
 Frail as the leaf, unstable as the wave.

O tell them how on burning sands we trail
 The blistered limb, and drink the poisoned gale ;
 Pant in the shadeless ray, and crawl to sip
 The stagnant drop that curdles on the lip ;
 Or count, in weariness, and want, and woe,
 A night of months beneath a dome of snow :
 While, still beset with unbelief and sin,
 A sadder, drearier winter glooms within ;
 The strong temptation and the fiery dart,
 At hand to wear the flesh, and wound the heart,
 Let them in thought our wasted forms survey,
 And think they hear us murmur, ' Brethren, pray.'
 And do thou hear, in heaven thy dwelling-place,
 And pour unmeasured forth the golden stream of grace!"

Six days are gone ; the sun retiring throws
 A glance of light upon the sparkling snows :
 The gathered groupe are sadly gazing still,
 On the pale outline of the eastern hill ;
 For there a distant speck the semblance gave
 Of a dark sea-bird on the crested wave.
 And plainer now, the deepening line extends,
 And down the sloping path-way slowly wends.
 Each on his fellows gazed, no word was spoke,
 The thought was seen, the soul was in the look.
 With one consent they form in long array ;
 Close by their path the Pastor's dwelling lay,
 They pause not there, but passing wave the hand,
 Full well he knows the purport of the band ;

Fast in his aged eyes the tear-drops swell,
 Yet for a smile he struggles, "It is well."
 And while he totters forth on Osric's arm,
 The Christian's hope would human grief disarm ;
 Oft from his lip the broken accents fall,
 Of meek submission ; "He is Lord of all.—
 He lent, and shall he not resume?—The same
 In mercy,—judgment—glory to His name!—
 It is His children's privilege to lay
 Their all on Him, and trust Him though he slay ;—
 The chastening rod is felt by every son ;—
 It is the Lord, and may His will be done!"
 Thus in short phrase the soothing word he speaks,
 But hectic pain is flushing on his cheeks ;
 And often, as the winding train he spies,
 The lip will quiver, and the sob will rise.
 Approaching now, the low lament they hear,
 In soft sad cadence breathing on the ear ;
 And as the plaint in measured numbers flows,
 The sighing breeze responds each lingering close.

"No more we speed thy bounding step to greet,
 Light as the roe, and as thine arrow fleet ;
 Nor deck thy lowly hut with duteous care ;—
 A dark, a lonesome dwelling we prepare.

"Azmourai ! brother ! can thy people's cry
 Resound so near, nor move thee to reply ?
 And must we shroud in solitude and night
 Thy form beloved, from our reluctant sight ?

“ Alas ! how soon upon thy blooming day
 The blast hath blown, and withered thee away :
 The sweetest flower that graced the dewy morn
 Beneath a noon-tide blight untimely shorn.

“ Oft, oft regardful of our weeping song,
 The plain and valley shall thy name prolong,
 And bid the hills with solemn echo tell,
 How in the dreary wild their pride and beauty fell.”

Lamenting thus, the mountain's foot they gain,
 And meet their Pastor on the darkening plain.
 The bier they rest, and mutely parting show
 The cold still object of their artless woe.
 O'er that pale form the aged mourner bent,
 “ My son, my son !” no other word found vent.
 His streaming tears the faded visage steep;
 A glad relief ; but Osric could not weep.
 His burning hand upon his brow he press'd,
 And self-accusing anguish wrung his breast.
 That inward pang the pitying tribe could read ;
 They raised the bier and motioned to proceed ;
 And while they bore the sacred freight along,
 In mingled chorus rose a loftier song,
 The silver moon-beam brightening on the plain,
 Crests the tall trees that bow responsive to the strain.

“ Joy to the victor, whose unearthly sword
 The combat dared, and triumphed in the Lord !

Called to receive an everlasting crown,
Before the bleeding Lamb he casts the trophy down.

“ Though loved and lost, not ours the pang of those
Whose earth-born grief no heavenly balsam knows :
We would not call thy spirit from its home,
Where sin assails thee not, and sorrow cannot come.

“ And when the trumpet’s awful note shall sound,
The dead to summon from the teeming ground,
E’en these, the mortal wrecks that pain the eye,
Shall rise to light and life, and immortality.

“ Hid in the kindred dust from whence they came,
Sown in corruption, weakness, and in shame,
We know these feeble clods of earth shall shine
Pure, incorruptible, immortal and divine.

“ Where then thy triumph, Grave ? and where thy sting,
O sullen Death ? what terror dost thou bring ?
We burst thine iron band, and soar on high ;
Glory to Christ the Lord, who brings us victory !”

Full many a rolling year hath pass’d away
Since rose upon the breeze that funeral lay,
And childrens’ children press upon the sod
Where sweetly sleeps the old white man of God.
But if thou will’st to list the simple tale
Of the dark Patriarchs in that lonely vale,

Their falt'ring lips in broken speech can tell
 Of one who ruled them long, and loved them well ;
 Whose life reflected, like a lucid stream,
 The splendors of his ever-during theme.
 Whose arms of love through all the nations reached,
 Whose lowly spirit bore the cross he preached.
 Whose glowing zeal, in mission ardour bold,
 Assembled many in that sylvan fold.
 He lived to feed, to shelter, and to guide
 That cherished flock, and in their bosom died.

Then will they guide thee to a broken crag,
 Where waves the woodland vine her verdant flag,
 And bid a turf-clad mound thy notice claim,
 And rudely sculptured rock, impressed with OSRIC'S
 name.

And canst THOU pause, while sin and wrath abound,
 And darkness reigns, and souls are dying round ?
 Canst thou with close and niggard hand withhold
 The slender pittance of thy snaring gold,
 Whose rust may as a canker eat away
 Thy lingering hope in the tremendous day
 When conscience re-awakens at the word
 Of stern appeal, " What ow'st thou to my Lord ?"
 Where are the two prolific Talents, given
 To store thy coffers in the bank of heaven ?
 Those Talents with abundant produce fraught,
 Thy TIME and MEANS, what int'rest have they brought ?

Turn not—from this appeal thou may'st not flee,
 The solemn query is addressed to Thee.
 To Thee who readest, Thee who hear'st the tale;
 To Thee whose every earthly stay must fail;
 Whose present joys, the baubles of an hour,
 And secret griefs that now thy peace devour,
 Shall fade to nothing :—thou, who soon must stand
 Before the Lord, with that unnumbered band
 Of souls that battle in the glorious strife,
 And souls that perish for the bread of life,
 And souls that for a toy their birth-right sell,
 And slumbering souls, that dream till they awake in
 hell.

O may the Lord, who yet shall conquer sin,
 Whose strong right hand shall yet the battle win,
 May He with thundering call thy bulwarks shake :
 And if thou yet art sleeping bid thee wake;
 And if thou hast poured forth thy scanty store,
 Bid thee increase, abounding more and more;
 And if thy secret prayer ascends on high,
 Swell that weak murmur to a mighty cry.
 O for the startling call of faith ! that knows
 To rouse the Lord, and give him no repose
 Till He, responsive to the voice, again
 Rends the blue vault and comes in majesty to reign !
 Then earth her bright attire shall don once more,
 The bridal robe that spotless Eden wore;
 Then tenfold day shall burst upon the gloom;
 The thorn shall wither and the flower shall bloom;

The thousand tribes of ocean, air, and land
 Pay willing duty to man's mild command,
 And he the homage of creation bring
 Through Zion's golden gate to Zion's dazzling King.
 Oh, joy for Zion, when her towers shall bear
 That name ineffable "THE LORD IS THERE."
 The Lord of life, death's gloomy path who trod,
 The man of sorrows—the eternal God!
 Not hid, as when his cloud-wrapped glory shone
 In mystic guise above the golden throne,
 But visible, unveiled as when of yore
 Through Zion's streets the felon cross he bore,
 His feet, his wounded feet, shall press again
 The soil once crimsoned by his flowing vein.
 Beneath his pierced hand the world shall bow,
 And all earth's diadems shall gleam upon his brow.

O labour now, improve thy little span;
 Full soon will cease the puny work of man,
 For He who deigns thy feeble aid to own,
 Ere long shall take his power and rule alone.
 And thou rejoicing in thy lot wilt stand
 While his bright sceptre waves o'er every land;
 And the resplendent stream that issues forth
 From his high throne, o'erspreads the yielding earth:
 And as in lunar tides the sounding sea
 O'er barren sands holds his majestic way,
 The ocean billows of his glory roll,
 And his salvation's song resound from pole to pole.

THE GARDEN.

THE GARDEN.



HERE will I rest me, on the mossy bank,
While the soft breeze that rustles through the boughs
Of this antique and well-remembered beech
Shall sadly commune with me of the dead.
It was her favourite spot ; but she is gone
Whose presence was the soul that lighted up
Each beauteous prospect into double life :
She came to this fair scene a poor recluse,
To hide her head from an unfeeling world,
And sink in calm oblivion to the grave :
A gentle summons reached her from her Lord,
A messenger of love, who warned her home
Along a painful path by slow degrees,
And cheerfully she went : she did not ask
For length of days in such a weary world,
But bore the cross, the anchor of her hope,
Badge of her faith, and pledge of her salvation ;
And whensoever she bent beneath its weight
He called upon the Lord, mighty to save,

And felt the everlasting arms beneath,
 Supporting and defending. She possessed
 A mind whose chords, like the Æolian harp,
 Responded to the lightest breeze that sighed.
 And once she made her Paradise on earth,
 Loving its transitory bliss too well,
 Until the brittle reeds whereon she leaned
 Broke, and the fragments pierced her. Then she turned
 To Him who cannot fail: upon the rock
 Her fortress building, and reposing there,
 In patient expectation of the call
 That summoned her to everlasting peace.
 The voice of former days perchance would come
 As the low cadence of the distant hymn
 Steals o'er the evening sea; and faintly shone
 The memory of their joys, like the pale beam
 That glances all unfelt upon the tide.
 Long had the blazing ray, the blackening cloud
 In rapid alternation triumphed there,
 And storms had ploughed the troubled surface oft,
 Till He who walked the Galilean sea
 Passed o'er the toiling waves, and bade them rest,
 In deep unbroken calm; revealing nought
 Save the reflection of a promised heaven.
 Quenched was the meteor beam of earthly hope,
 But still the pole-star of the Gospel shone,
 And glowed more brightly through the shade.—

She knew

This spacious world had not a joy for her,
 Save those, which, planted by the hand of faith,

Might rise indeed on earth, but could no more
 Till death transplanted them to bloom in heaven.
 Yes, she is gone :—but shrouded in my heart,
 As in a living sepulchre, she lies,
 And in the silent solitary hour
 Methinks I could unlock the sepulchre,
 And gaze upon my treasure—fair in death,
 Like the cropped rose decaying on the stalk,
 And fragrant as the scattered leaves. I love
 The meanest object that her eye has scanned,
 Above the splendours of the brightest scene
 That never caught its glances. All are here,
 All that she loved to gaze on—they remain
 Unchanged and smiling yet : the little flowers
 That gem the grassy slope, and waving shine
 With mimic beauty in the stream that glows
 With their reflected blushes : roses, pinks,
 And flaunting piones, and tulips gay,
 With the dark foliage of the classic leaf,
 Laurel and bay ; and willow drooping sad,
 Wooing the idle wave that ripples on,
 Unmindful of her charms, and then expands,
 Rolling with broader bend through yonder mead,
 And laves the base of a majestic pile,
 Glorious in ruin, where in sterner days
 The arm of feudal might rested secure,
 And centuries in their sweep have scarcely hurled
 Half of their ponderous fabric to the dust.
 One heavy mass, the fragment of an arch,
 Rent by explosion, to the river fell,

And turned the waters from their native bed
 With separating force ; the streams divide,
 And either speeds unwillingly alone,
 Till, far beyond, they meet and part no more.

There dwelt some chord unbroken in her heart
 That vibrated to such a theme as this,
 And owned a sad similitude within ;
 Some pang untold, or only told to Him
 Who bent beneath the burden of our woes,
 That He might solace us with sacred balm,
 And tell us all we should resign on earth,
 In meek obedience to His holy will,
 His treasury would repay a thousand fold.
 Oft have I seen her look upon the tides,
 Pursuing them in their divided course,
 Till tides responsive swelled in either eye,
 And heard her breathe, in such a mournful tone
 As echoed to the cadence of the stream
 The thought that rose within her as she gazed.
 E'en now, all lonely as I sit, and list
 To the soft rolling of the stream, methinks
 I hear her gentle accents mingle there.
 She loved the watery world ; the humblest spring
 That creeps along the vale, had charms for her,
 But in the grandeur of the mighty main
 Her very soul seemed wrapt—and when the storm
 Heaved the vast billows from their dark abyss,
 And hurled them to the sky, nor roaring wind,
 Nor thunders peal, could fright her from the scene,

She called it nature's majesty, which man
 Could never yet depose—his impious touch
 Had spoiled the earth of many a goodly grace,
 Levelled the mountain, felled the towering oak,
 And rent the bowels of the peaceful soil.
 He binds a galling fetter on the neck
 Of all that breathes below ; from the poor worm
 That dies in torture on the barbed hook,
 To the strong bull, whose mangled lip must yield
 Diversion meet for his un pitying eye ;
 The noble steed that sinks beneath the lash ;
 The lordly lion pining in his chain ;
 And man himself, in shameless barter sold
 To slavery, and cruelty, and death,
 To glut his fellow's avarice and pride.
 This fair creation writhes in bitter throes,
 Beneath his sway, and for deliverance groans,
 But ocean scorns him.—Lo, the billows rise,
 And roar defiance on his shrinking ear ;
 In conscious impotence the tyrant speeds
 From the incursive wave, or wildly tossed
 In some frail bark upon that boiling surge,
 Reads in the volume of the sheeted foam
 A tale of swift destruction. Where is now
 Thy boasted charter ? whither wilt thou turn
 For glad deliverance now ? where but to Him
 Who winds his pathway through that awful deep,
 Who rides the ocean as a steed, and lays
 A curbing hand upon his tossing mane,
 And chides him into peace ? Wouldst thou be heard

And succoured, in the helpless hour of need
 Oh, then beware ! hold thy permitted rule
 In gentleness ; the merciful alone
 May look for mercy at the hand of Him
 Who knows the measure that ye mete withal,
 And seals in vengeful wrath the tyrant's doom.

Amid the shining attributes, that blend
 A living rainbow round the throne of God,
 The emerald still prevails ; the soothing tint
 That clothes the summer landscape ; 'tis the hue
 Of mercy that embraces earth and heaven ;
 And as the distant flock on yonder hill
 Crop from the verdant sod a full repast,
 Or slumber unmolested in the shade
 Of the green spreading bough, so mercy yields
 The food, the shelter, to our mortal frames,
 And nourishes the soul to endless life.

That flock hath furnished many a moving theme
 For converse on the love of Him who spreads
 His tender mercies over all his works.
 Poor simple pensioners ! how oft they flee
 The careful hand, outstretched to fix the seal
 That marks them his :—how prone to wander forth
 From the safe pasture to the howling waste,
 And when recovered by the swain, and borne
 On his kind shoulder, how the thankless fool
 Will strive and bleat, as though his tender limbs
 Were writhing underneath the lion's paw !

Oft have I seen my loved companion smile,
 By glad experience taught to bless the arm
 That folds the flocks, and leads the wanderer home
 O rest, thou wilful truant, she would say,
 Thy shepherd be us thee by a path unknown,
 A way thy straggling steps could never find,
 He bars thee from a sullen wilderness,
 Where thirsty sands abound, and poisonous weeds,
 To a fair pasture, shaded from the heat,
 And sheltered from the storm to verdant meads,
 Where the meandering streamlet flows along,
 No ravenous beast of prey can enter there,
 No secret venom work,—the rescued flock
 Snatched from the lion's jaws, and gathered home,
 Dwell there secure beneath the shepherd's eye,
 Whose presence glads them, and whose tender love
 Forms the sweet sunshine of their cloudless day
 O let not then the weak believer's eye,
 Though rent from all his earthly nature deemed
 Most fair to view, most meet to rest upon,
 And borne along a new mysterious path,
 Through gloomy deserts, over barren rock,
 And cross the thundering torrents that overwhelm
 With desolating sweep the works of man
 Let him not shrink, nor tremble at the scene
 His Shepherd bears him—round his feeble form
 The Almighty, everlasting arms are spread,
 The foot which treads that desert cannot err
 The bosom where he rests is bled for him,
 And the eternal Word, whose fruit brought

Light from primeval darkness, life from death,
Is pledged to guide him safely to the fold.

Woe to the hireling ! woe to him who deals
With niggard hand, the stipulated dole
On each returning Sabbath, and surveys
With cold indiff'rence the neglected flock ;
Assembled to receive the bread of life,
And fed with husks, or scantily supplied
With better nutriment, then left to roam
Unnoticed through the week ; to crop the blade
Of specious poisons on the world's dark waste,
And wander heedless in the lion's haunts,
A prey to his devouring rage. Attend,
Ye hirelings ; listen to the awful threats
Israel's Great Shepherd has recorded—" Woe
To them who feed themselves, and not the flock !
Ye eat the fat, and clothe you in the wool,
But tend them not ; nor strengthen the diseased,
Nor heal the sick, nor bind the smarting wound ;
That which was chased away ye bring not back,
Nor seek the wanderer—they are straggling wide
On the bleak hills, a prey to every foe.
Ye faithless shepherds, hear Jehovah's word.
Is this the flock I purchased with my blood,
And bade you feed ? and shall my vengeance sleep
While famine wastes them, and the prowling wolf
Scatters, and tears them ? tremble at the sword
That glitters o'er your guilty heads ! the eye
That pitied not my sheep shall waste away ;

My thunderbolt shall blast the cruel arm
 That would not gather them. How will ye face
 That fearful hour, when, at the bar of heaven,
 They testify against you, and display
 Their famished forms, their fleeces stained and torn,
 Unmeet to enter the celestial gates,
 Where nought defiled can come : will ye endure
 To hear that question from the Judge's lip—
 ' Where is the flock I gave ; thy beauteous flock ?'
 How will ye bear the overwhelming weight
 Of blood upon your heads ! the blood of souls !
 The screams of anguish, the exulting taunts
 Of fiends that plunge them in the lake of fire,
 While through the hollow regions of despair,
 Reproaches endless, never-ceasing groans,
 Echo from tortured spirits—lost through you !"

Oh that they would consider, and be wise,
 And feel the lofty privilege they bear,
 Ambassadors for Christ, who gives to them
 The reconciling ministry ; by them
 Beseeching guilty man to turn, and live !
 And some there are, thrice blessed of the Lord,
 Whose meat and drink it is to do His will ;
 Who love their Master's sheep, and would resign
 Their very lives to feed and nourish them.
 And e'en with such a shepherd have I walked
 Through the green valley where his flock was spread,
 And sweet it was to mark his tender love

For every feeble lambkin in the fold :
 He knew them all, and warily he watched
 To shield them from the perils of the world,
 To turn their steps from every devious way,
 And lead them to the still pure stream of life.
 He wept in secret o'er the wayward bent
 Of their corrupted nature ;—oft he fell
 Before the footstool of the Lord, and prayed
 With all the fervour of a wrestling soul,
 That He would send His potent breath to breathe
 Upon these withering bones, and bid them live :
 And then refreshed by prayer, and strong in faith,
 He sallied forth upon his daily task,
 Seeking each lowly shed, and from his heart
 Sending the Gospel salutation—‘ Peace.’
 Sometimes perchance the son of peace was there,
 And there the blessing rested, there diffused
 A softer calm throughout the poor abode,
 Where the disciple of his Lord sojourned.
 But some polluted walls could not afford
 A spot to court the dove’s unsullied foot,
 And then the peace returned, and nestled close
 In the kind bosom which had sent it forth :
 Like the thin vapour, by the earth exhaled,
 Which rises to the sky, and finding there
 No certain habitation, falls again
 In fertilizing rain, and dewes the ground
 From whence it sprung ; yielding a rich increase
 Of cool refreshment in the hour of drought.

With what a patient spirit he endured
 The contradiction of a sinful race!
 Precept on precept, line on line he gave,
 That shewed like sketches traced upon the sand,
 By the next billow rudely swept away
 Grieving, but not discouraged, he pursued
 His sacred office, working to the Lord,
 And many a seed cast on the thirless soil,
 Though seemingly in vain, some silent shower
 Of grace unnoticed may have sunk beneath
 The barren surface, caused it there to swell,
 And vegetate, and bear a golden crop,
 To gladden the wondering husbandman, and form
 A crown of joy in the great harvest day.

How oft he placed him on the lowly couch,
 And with silent sympathy to hear
 The full plant of querulous disease,
 Moistened the parching lip, with gentle hand
 Wiped the cold dew drop from the throbbing brow,
 To bring of hope and comfort soon he led,
 With faithful wife, to that inspiring theme
 Which dwelt within his heart, and longed to rise
 In loving words to his persuasive tongue
 He told the sick man of a broken law,
 A sinful nature, and offended God,
 A throne of judgment, and a scene of woe:
 Then bade him raise his drooping head and view
 The cross on Calvary's mount, the Son of God
 Paving our countless sins upon the tree.

In his own spotless body. " Oh behold
 The thorns that rend His brow ! the trickling tide
 That issues from His hands and feet ; the sponge
 Of vinegar and gall, so rudely forced
 On His pale quivering lip. Hark to the cry
 Wrung from the Father's well-beloved Son,
 ' My God, my God, hast thou forsaken me ?'
 Now mark the fountain opened in His side ;
 And hear Him by his Spirit calling thee
 To cleanse thy soul from each polluting stain,
 By bathing it in a Redeemer's blood.
 What wilt thou give, to know thy pardon sealed
 In heaven, and an eternal crown thine own ?
 Alas ! my brother, thou hast nought to give ;
 Nor would ten thousand worlds suffice to buy
 One gleam of hope. Behold, the gift is thine !
 Bought at a price too great to be conceived,
 And freely given. Believe, and thou art saved ;
 Repent ; thy sins shall all be blotted out.
 Soon shall the soul-refreshing season come
 From God's own presence, breathing peace and joy.
 Then to the sacred page he turned, and shewed
 His high credentials ; proved the message sent
 From Him whose footstool is the highest heaven,
 Down to the low abode of sinful man.
 But trusting not to all the eloquence
 Of men and angels, kneeling he besought
 A blessing on the word he had declared ;
 With demonstration of the Spirit's power
 To rouse a sleeping sinner, new-create

A being born in guilt, and bear a soul
On faith's strong pinion to the gates of heaven.

Nor was his active ministry confined
To the poor inmate of a cottage wall ;
The lofty dome that echoed to the notes
Of revelry, has heard his mild reproof ;
And painted folly in her mad career
Has paused, to list the unaccustomed sound
Of Gospel truth : has gazed in silent awe,
On the smooth open brow, where God's own seal
Of inward peace was stamped so legibly,
That mirth's unthinking votaries would sigh,
And envy what they could not comprehend.
'Twas lovely, to behold the bloom of morn,
With evening's sweet solemnity combined.
Vice shrunk abashed from looks that still proclaimed
A vessel unto honour, sanctified
And set apart for the great Master's use.

Methinks e'en now I see the dark trees wave,
Shading his modest church, where the long grass
Bends to the wind, and decks the hollow ground
That oft has echoed to his pensive tread.
There rest the mouldering bodies that await
Th' Archangel's awful summons to arise
And meet their pastor at the throne of God.
I've known him dwell on the tremendous hour,
Till tears suffused his eyes, and bitter grief

Found vent in words ; he has condemned himself
 As an unfaithful steward, indolent,
 Unprofitable to his Lord, and meet
 For everlasting woe :—for some there were,
 Some burning brands he *could* not pluck away
 From Satan's fires. He warned them oft, and long
 Besought them to be reconciled, and held
 The fearful doom of sinners to their view,
 But all, alas ! in vain : they mocked his care,
 And perished : Surely on their impious heads
 Rests their own blood ; the watchman gave th' alarm,
 From day to day admonished them ; and he
 Is clear, and shall be cleared before the world.
 But many a naked, hungry, captive soul,
 Clothed, fed, delivered through his ministry,
 Shall bear a glorious witness in that hour ;
 And many a willing cup his hand has given
 In a disciple's name, shall then receive
 A blessed recompence—the crown of life
 Placed on his head ; the palm of victory
 That marks him more than conqueror through Christ,
 Who loved and conquered for him, and the sound
 Of smiling welcome by the Judge proclaimed,
 “ Well done thou good and faithful servant ; come,
 Enter with joy the kingdom of thy Lord.”

Yes, such a kingdom, such a joy there is,
 As man's fond heart, with all its golden dreams
 Of pleasures unalloyed, could ne'er conceive.
 A kingdom where the elements of earth

Shall pass away, and all be made anew.
 No wave of trouble rolls upon the shore
 Of that celestial Canaan : Jordan passed,
 No other water but the stream of life
 Greets the blest denizen : no sound of woe
 Floats on the balmy breath of heaven ; no tear
 The cheek defiles ; no sorrow heaves the heart ;
 Nor pain nor death, can enter there, for sin,
 The black prolific parent of the race,
 Is slain : and with her all her brood expire.
 The temple of the Lord is open flung,
 The veil is rent, and from His mercy-seat
 Beams forth the light ineffable that sheds
 Throughout that boundless realm eternal day.
 Then who, with reason's privilege endued
 To shun the greater ill and bear the less,
 And by a present momentary pang
 The tasting of a bitter potion, gain
 Unnumbered years of ease and smiling health,
 Oh who would screen him from the strife of tongues,
 The little cloud of man's contemptuous frown,
 The peevish buffeting of pigmy spite,
 Or ruder pelting of misfortune's storm,
 Fierce, but coeval only with his breath,
 And leave his naked, helpless soul exposed
 To the undying worm, and quenchless flame,
 The fearful thunders of Jehovah's wrath,
 The blasting of the breath of His displeasure,
 And withering glance, transfixing it in hell !
 Go, ye who list, and barter endless joy

For the world's harlot smile, that only mocks
 The fool her painted blandishments allure
 Go, strut upon the crowded stage, and turn
 An eye of scorn, and shower the polished darts
 Of calumny and envy born dislike,
 And sneering pity, on the wiser few
 Who wear the pilgrim's heart without his garb,
 And taking silently their Master's cross,
 Bid your vain resting place farewell, and seek
 A more abiding city, founded sure,
 Whose architect is God—O be it mine
 To follow, in the footsteps of the flock,
 To the Good Shepherd's fold—His word my light,
 His staff my sole defence, His rod my guide,
 Forward I press to reach the glorious prize,
 Nor heed the shadows of the darksome vale.

A line of lustre streaks the distant hill,
 On that I gaze, by that I shape my course,
 And though death's sullen portal intervene
 I shrink not, for the Lord hath passed it through
 And left the gleaming of his presence there
 In vain embattled hosts my path beset,
 I gird me in the armour of my God.
 His truth surrounds my loins, His righteousness
 Yields a firm breast-plate, His salvation shines
 An adamantine helm upon my head,
 Shod with the Gospel of His peace, I step
 On pointed thorns, and crush them—Even I
 Can dare a thousand foes, for He hath taught

My feeble hand to wield the Spirit's sword ;
 While weak as leaves that scatter the seared turf
 In the autumnal wood, the fiery darts
 Innocuous fall; recoiling from the touch
 Of faith's broad shield, they tremble and expire.

O bright reality of future bliss !
 All else a shadow : though the flesh will feel
 And shudder underneath the probing knife,
 And dread the hand that lops the limb away,
 The spirit can rejoicing cry, " E'en so,
 Father ; for so it seemeth good to thee."

The tear must trickle while remembrance wakes
 At every breath that sighs among the shades
 Where the soft echo to the loved one's voice
 Responds no more ; but faith can steal away
 The falling drops, and gild them with a smile.
 Amid those ancient trees, whose stately heads
 With dark, unbroken, undulating line,
 Like mountain summits stretch along the sky,
 To giant growth attaining, broad beneath,
 Rounding in leafy swell, thence tapering up
 In nature's line of grace, the beauteous curve,
 Rearing their equal tufts, and from above
 Seeming in guardian majesty to smile
 On the soft scene they shelter, a fond pair
 Of doves, embosomed in the verdant shade,
 Had built their nest, and warned the young to life.
 We loved to mark the Turtle as he cheered

His mate with the soft cooing of his voice,
 Or took her station, and encouraged her
 To rove awhile beneath the morning sun,
 Soothing the little ones till her return ;
 Then sallying forth to cull the plenteous spoil
 And satisfy their cravings. One sad eve,
 When ranging o'er the neighb'ring fields, a shot,
 Winged by the hand of wanton murder, pierced
 His harmless breast, and stained his silver plumes
 With crimson spot ; he felt the hand of death,
 Yet strained his fainting wing to reach his home,
 And fluttered o'er the tree,—then fell, and died.
 With terrified surprise his mate beheld,
 And called him with her loudest, sweetest tones,
 But called in vain ; then wheeling round the spot
 She lighted near, and gazed upon the corse,
 And pecked him with impatient agony :
 Then to her nest returning, called again
 With piteous lamentation ; came once more,
 And seemed to chide his strange indifference,
 Unheeding of her plaints.—It was a sight
 That might suffuse a stoic eye with tears.
 I bore the little victim from the spot,
 With silent sad foreboding, that the woe
 Of such bereavement should ere long be mine.

Too well I know the agonizing pang :
 Mine was a life of partings ; I have wrung
 The very dregs of that most bitter cup,
 Beside the dying bed, and on the shore

Of seas that soon should roll between the hearts
 Linked in the bands of love The last and best
 Is severed now, but ne'er to be forgot
 While in this bosom throbs one vital pulse
 For she was fraught with gentle sympathy,
 As generous and true as he who wept
 O'er persecuted David When the world,
 The fickle world, slid from my feeble grasp,
 And left me nothing but the empty name
 Of friendship and of truth, then she appeared,
 A flower still blooming in the wilderness
 When all were withered round, and sweeter far
 Than those that shone so gay, and died so soon
 She bore with patient and forbearing love
 The fretfulness a wounded spirit shewed,
 And when in dark despondency I mourned
 My joys all blighted, and my hope cut off,
 With sweet reproof she pointed to the cross,
 And told me of the Lord, who freely gave
 His own, His only Son, to die for me,
 A costly pledge that He would ne'er withhold
 Aught of inferior blessing. He it was
 Who now with His mysterious hand prepared
 A pathway strewed with thorns, yet opening
 On endless life, and everlasting peace.
 How oft she taught my stubborn will to bow,
 And kiss the rod I murmured at before !
 She cheered the gloominess of sorrow's night,
 Pure, mild, and soothing as the lunar ray
 I rested in that light, till I forgot

It was but borrowed from the glorious Sun
 Of Righteousness, and soon to be withdrawn ;
 The sooner that I prized it over-much.
 For He who calls himself a jealous God,
 Will brook no rival in his creature's heart.
 I made an idol of the staff He lent,
 And half o'erlooked the donor in the gift ;
 Therefore the Lord resumed it for awhile,
 But not for ever.—When these mortal frames,
 Dissolved in dust, shall rise all spiritual,
 And this now earthly bear the heavenly stamp,
 The love of God supreme pervading all,
 And in celestial harmony combined
 One note of triumph breathe from every soul,
 O then the kindred spirits shall unite
 In the sweet task of all-adoring praise,
 And wondering contemplation of the work
 That saved, and purified, and brought them there,
 Recounting oft their trials, and the tears
 By God's own hand for ever wiped away.
 Then shall it be perceived how merciful
 Was every stroke of his chastising scourge ;
 And still new hallelujahs shall succeed
 Each retrospect of that amazing plan—
 The ransom, the salvation of a soul.
 It was the very bitterness of death
 To part with such a friend, and wander on
 This long and weary pilgrimage alone.
 What will the rapture be to meet again,
 Glorious immortal spirits, freed from sin,

To die no more—to weep—to part no more
But dwell for ever with the Lord our God !

Welcome thou soft and inobtrusive orb,
Whose silent pace hath stolen unperceived
Upon my musing hours. The sun has dipped
His golden wheel beneath the main, that laves
The rocky base of yonder western hill,
Unseen from hence, but not unheard at eve,
When stronger breezes curl the rippling tides,
And bid their deep and measured murmur break
On nature's sleeping pause : a solemn dirge,
Well suited to the scene, and most to me.
And now it swells, and now it falls again ;
While zephyr freshened by the briny wave
Her passing wing hath brushed, salutes the trees
With rougher play, and heaves the lofty boughs
In mimic billows—there the shifting ray
Steals through the moving foliage, and adorns
With frosted silver half the sod beneath ;
But pours a broad unbroken stream of light
O'er the parterre, and sparkles on the leaves
Of polished laurel, and the thousand gems
Of glittering dews, that bathe the sleeping flowers.

How pleasant is the modest lamp of night,
In brightness walking, to the sorrowing eyes
Of friends by fate and distance severed far,
Still meeting on her orb, as on a point
Of common union—happier, if their souls

Meet at the ever-beaming theme of grace,
 In the sweet harmony of praise and prayer.
 Nor rolling years, nor widening space, affect
 The tie that centres there : though death himself
 Should intervene, his stern, divorcing grasp
 May from its kindred body rend the soul,
 But cannot touch the consecrated bond
 That links believing spirits ; one in Christ.
 I do but linger here my little day
 Of fading life, to gaze upon the scenes
 Once vocal to the voice I loved, now wrapt
 In deep sepulchral silence ; yct they smile,
 And yet display the handy-work of God,
 And call on me to lend the tongue of praise
 To their mute adoration. Be it mine
 To work my Master's will while day endures,
 And peacefully beneath the darkening shade
 Of night, compose me, till the welcome voice,
 The Bridegroom's call, breaks on my listening ear,
 " Behold I come ! " O may my soul respond
 The glad " Amen. Lord Jesus, quickly come ! "

THE IVY.

O DEEM not, while my pensive eye
 Dwells upon yonder ruined towers,
 That sorrow breathes the rising sigh,
 Or memory pines o'er fairer bowers.

I love the wild uncultured scene,
 The broken arch, the crumbling stone,
 The graceful vest of Ivy green,
 O'er yon grey wall so lightly thrown :

And if from rude unhallowed mirth,
 From swelling pride, thy heart be free,
 Rest on this mound of sacred earth,
 And ponder o'er the scene with me.

Recal the days of other years,
 When feudal power unvanquished trod,
 And where the browsing kid appears
 The pampered war-horse shook the sod.

When turrets high, and banners gay,
 O'erlook'd the stream that murmurs by,
 And sculptured roofs, long passed away,
 Rang to the notes of revelry.

But when the neighbouring tombs had closed
 Above the bold, the gay, the fair,
 When in these vaults the bat reposed,
 And time had pressed his signet there ;

When all was desolate and mute,
 And human step the dwelling fled,
 Appeared yon Ivy's infant shoot,
 And slowly reared its hermit head.

Unscathed by frosts of winter keen,
 Unharm'd by summer's parching ray,
 Robed in unfading, changeless green,
 The silent guest pursued its way.

And oh that rich luxuriant wreath,
 Crowning in solemn grace the tower,
 Blooming on high, while low beneath
 Are strew'd the wrecks of fame and power !

Those fibrous arms, with strong embrace,
 Support the crumbling wall they bind ;
 And canst thou no resemblance trace
 To cheer the Christian's pensive mind ?

Yes :—so when mortal hope is fled,
 When earthly bulwarks ruined lie,
 Triumphant Faith uprears her head,
 Glorifying in man's infirmity.

THE HYACINTH ROOTS.

HEALTH and peace await my friend !
 Let her prize the gift I send,
 Where, beneath a mystic veil,
 Stands impressed a glorious tale,

Graven by th' eternal hand,
 When this shapeless mass it spanned,
 And the Spirit, breathing warm,
 Charmed creation into form,
 Through the realm of ancient night
 Glanced, and lo, the world had light :
 Yonder vault of azure spread,
 Poured the waves in ocean's bed,
 Raised the mountain, smoothed the plain,
 Clothed the forest, waved the grain,
 Hung the kindling lamp of day,
 Rolled the planets on their way,
 Brought from dust the living birth,
 Peopling ocean, air, and earth,
 Breathed a blessing through the whole,
 But gave to man a deathless soul.

Glorious work ! stupendous love !
 Wonder of the hosts above.
 Ah, how quickly entered in
 Sin by man, and death by sin !
 God's all-gracious purpose cross'd,
 Earth is curs'd, and heaven is lost.
 Cheer me not, for I will weep
 O'er the wreck so vast and deep ;
 Sorrow, shame, and cruelty,
 Stalk abroad with ruthless eye.
 Man, a blind and willing prey,
 Bends his soul to Satan's sway :

Life but hovers o'er the tomb,
 All within is silent gloom,
 All beyond is dark despair,
 Wrath and vengeance triumph there.

Oh, my friend, how many a time
 We have mourned for Adam's crime ;
 While our hearts have warred within,
 Captives to the law of sin ;
 Or the pang of mortal woe
 Caused the bitter tear to flow ;
 Or disease, with labouring breath,
 Bowed us nigh the gates of death.
 We have felt the dark controul,
 Eden blighted in the soul.

Weep no more—a blaze of light
 Bursts upon this tenfold night.
 In a word the 'tale is said,
 "Christ is risen from the dead."
 Christ hath suffered—all is done,
 Christ is risen—all is won.

Now my simple gift behold,
 Rugged garbs the gems enfold :
 Shapeless and uncouth to view,
 Earthy, and decaying too.
 Bury them in kindred dust,
 Yet with patience wait and trust :

Soon a lovely form shall rise,
 Tending upward to the skies ;
 Not a trace shall there remain
 Of deformity or stain ;
 In majestic beauty standing,
 To the noontide blaze expanding,
 Bathed in heaven's nectareous dews,
 Glowing in celestial hues,
 Robed by workmanship divine,
 —'Tis thy prototype and mine.
 Let us seek supplies of grace,
 Let us run the heavenly race,
 Let us yield our fleeting breath,
 Smiling on the shaft of death,
 Let these mortal frames decay,
 And our memory fade away ;
 Christ is risen—we shall rise,
 Flowers to bloom in Paradise.

THE WINTER ROSE.

HAIL, and farewell, thou lovely guest,
 I may not woo thy stay,
 The hues that paint thy blushing vest
 Are fading fast away,
 Like the retiring tints that die
 At evening from the western sky,
 And melt in misty grey.

The morning sun thy beauties hailed,
 Fresh from their mossy cell,
At eve his beam, in sorrow veiled,
 Bade thee a sad farewell :
To-morrow's ray shall gild the spot
Where loosened from their fairy knot
 The withering petals fell.

Alas ! on thy forsaken stem
 My heart shall long recline,
And mourn the transitory gem,
 And make the story mine :
So on my joyless wintry hour
Hath oped some bright and fragrant flower,
 With tints as soft as thine.

Like thee the vision came and went,
 Like thee it bloomed and fell,
In momentary 'pity sent
 Of fairer climes to tell.
So frail its form, so short its stay,
That nought the lingering heart could say,
 But hail, and fare thee well !

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

FLOWER of eve, the sun is sinking
 Far beneath the western main,
 Thirsty shrubs the night dews drinking,
 Moon-beams stealing o'er the plain,
 Stars are trembling through the sky,
 Flower of evening, ope thine eye.

Now with bending heads the roses
 Slumber in their perfumed bower,
 Not a bud its leaf discloses
 To salute the silent hour,
 Not an eye is near but mine,
 Watching to encounter thine.

Gem of eve, I love to view thee,
 While thy velvet petals spread,
 Tearfully my looks pursue thee
 As thou rear'st thy golden head ;
 Sleep may rest on other eyes,
 Ours shall commune with the skies.

Praise to Him who fixed His dwelling
 Unapproachable in light !
 Now the lofty tale is telling
 Through the spangled vault of night ;
 Speech nor language issues thence,
 All is silent eloquence.

Every star confirms the story,
 Every bending flower agrees,
 Solomon, in all his glory,
 Was not robed like one of these ;
 Those Jehovah's power express,
 Glorious, awful, numberless.

Lo, in ceaseless praise the ocean
 Lifts his voice and hands on high,
 Breathes the hymn in calm devotion,
 Or in thunder greets the sky.
 With creation rose the song,
 Destined to endure as long.

While the speaking scene around me
 Tells of one stupendous plan,
 Wonder, fear, and shame confound me,
 As I utter What is man !
 Glory, honour, wreath a brow,
 Flower of eve, as frail as thou.

Yet, beneath the glance of morning
 Fading, thou'lt for ever die ;
 I, to kindred earth returning,
 Then commence eternity :
 Thou must fall, but I shall rise
 Denizen of yonder skies.

May my spirit rest confiding
 In the hand that nurtured thee ;

And for thy short span providing
 Formed thee to admonish me.
 Graving on the faintest flower
 Such a tale of love and power.

THE VALLISNERIA

“ O DIESPRING of the waters, tell
 By what undiscovered spell
 Thou art taught unmoved to rest
 On the wave’s inconstant breast ?
 When the river’s gushing tide,
 Rising high, and ranging wide,
 Threats with overwhelming force
 All that meets her headlong course,
 Still appears thy fragile head,
 Still thy flowers the wave o’erspread.
 Though the stream be sucked away
 By the summer’s thirsty ray,
 Till the meadow’s children round
 Wither on the parching ground,
 Yet thy peaceful cheek I find
 On its liquid couch reclined ; —
 Whence the charm, concealed and strange,
 Suits thee to every change ?”

“ Lady, He who bade us dwell
 Where the troubled waters swell,

Lent our stem a spiral power,
 Precious in the needful hour.
 Though to earth our root be given,
 Still we fix our view on heaven
 When the tides begin to rise,
 Nearer we approach the skies —
 How can waters overflow,
 If the Lord support bestow ?

‘ As the rolling floods retire,
 Slowly coils the living wire,
 Still contracting while we sink
 In beneath the grassy bank,
 All unmoved our heads can rest
 On the streamlet’s shallow breast
 I say, how can we be dry,
 If the Lord our need supply ?”

‘ Favoured flowret, from my heart
 Never may the lesson part !
 Never shall threat’ning waves of woe
 O’er the humble Christian flow,
 God can bid the storm be still,
 Or impart the needful skill,
 In confiding strength to ride
 Buoyant on the furious tide
 —Never shall the streams of grace
 Fail, in their appointed place,
 While, relying on His word,
 Man undoubting trusts the Lord.’

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Forget me not, friend of my choice,
 When mute is the breath of my sigh,
 And silent the tones of this tremulous voice,
 And quenched the faint beam of the eye,
 When the zephyr, now fanning my cheek,
 Shall wave the long grass o'er my head,
 And morn in her blushes unheedingly streak
 The sullen abode of the dead.

Oh forget not this azure-eyed flower
 Shall yet thy remembrance be,
 Shall lift its meek head from the moss of thy bower,
 And look like a vestige of me.
 Thy soul will unconsciously prize
 The dream that was soothing to mine,
 And a weed of the wilderness fair in these eyes
 Will ever be lovely to thine.

How sweetly with delicate blue
 This infant of nature is graced,
 How tenderly marked, yet how equal and true,
 • The lines on its surface are traced •
 Even so in thy bosom shall blend
 Remembrance with ling'ring regret,
 When the flower shall recall the pale shade of thy friend,
 And whisper thee not to forget.

The Missionary, WORTER, met at Jerusalem with some aged Jews, who came from Poland to die there. One of them said to him, "It is not pleasant now to *live* in Palestine, but it is pleasant to *die* in this land, and all of us here have come *to die in the land of Israel*."

RETURNING from a stranger land,
We come a feeble, aged band,
To linger out life's fading hours
Beside our ruined Salem's towers,
Where once exulting myriads trod
To throng the fane of Judith's God,
With trembling pace her exiles creep,
Lean on the way-worn staff, and weep

The spicy breath of Lebanon
Our welcome sighs, and passes on,
We stand on Olivet's ascent,
Where royal David weeping went
Behold yon spot, profaned by foes,
'Twas there our beauteous Temple rose,
But not a vestige, not a stone,
Tells where Jehovah's dwelling shone!

Unmet it were for us to dwell
Where Prynne hymns through Zion swell
And day by day, with callous eye,
Gaze on her faded majesty,

And view the gorgeous Mosque arise,
 Where blaz'd her holiest sacrifice.
 Beneath the Crescent's impious pride
 It is not meet that we abide

But oh, how pleasant 'tis to die
 Where Israel's ruin'd glories lie !
 How sweet to bid her children's bones
 Blend with the dust of Salem's stones !
 Her's is the mould beneath them spread,
 And her's the sod above their head.
 Even the cold worm, with slimy coil,
 Is welcome, bred in Judah's soil.

Soon shall these weiry frames of ours
 Dissolve like Salem's crumbling towers,
 Her outcast tribes no longer come
 To greet her as their hallowed home,
 But sadly joy to lay their head
 Beneath her foes' insulting tread,
 'To fall by her they could not save,
 Their glory once, and now their grave !

Say, Christian, can'st thou hear that plaintive strain
 Breathe o'er Judah's desolated plain,
 While the sad Exiles, worn with age and woe,
 With faltering step, and swelling bosom go;
 While erst, descending from the Olive steep,
 One mightier far than David paus'd to weep ?

O canst thou hear, nor ask an eagle's wing,
 An angel's tongue, the tale of peace to bring?
 From the high mount to send the joyful word,
 "O comfort ye my people, saith the Lord
 Say not, thou trembling one, that I am gone,
 That all my loving mercies are withdrawn
 What mother can forget the infant, press'd
 In helplessness to her supporting breast?
 She *may* forget him, smiling on her knee,
 But I, the Lord, will yet remember thee!
 Still in my sight the mighty Bulwark stands,
 And still thy name is graven on my hands
 What though from age to age the bitter draught
 Of wrath unmix'd thy quivering lip hath quaff'd,
 'Twas Sin expos'd thee to that wrath divine—
 My ways are straight—but how unequal thine!
 Draw near, my people, with your Maker plead,
 Produce your cause, and vindicate the deed,
 Retrace the gloomy wilderness of time,
 Raise the dun veil, and contemplate your crime.

I o! in the centre of yon scoffing crew,
 Say what Majestic Victim meets the view?
 O fools and blind! ye raise the murderous knife
 Against the Son of God, the Lord of Life,
 The promis'd Prince, the Saviour of your line,
 The Branch of Jesse's root, Messiah, King Divine!
 A Man of woes, rejected and unknown,
 Press'd by a weight of sins, but not his own,

Guiltless and uncondemn'd the Sufi'er stands,
 Mute as the sheep beneath her spoiler's hands.
 Turn to the record^s of your ancient Scet,
 The shadow there behold—the substance here.
 In vain—the heart is harden'd, clos'd the eye,
 And He—the very Paschal Lamb—must die !
 Hark to the import of that fearful strain,—
 ‘ *On us and on our race His blood remain !*’
 The word is past—the awful doom is given !
 And Israel stands accurs'd before the God of Heav'n !

O thou afflicted, worn, and tempest-toss'd,
 How hath my thund'ring scourge thy path-way cross'd !
 Hungry and weary, desolate and sad,
 Led with my fury, by my vengeance clad,
 Victim of mocking hope and fruitless toil,
 The scorn of nations and the people's spoil,
 Where'er thy wand'ring, feet assay to pass,
 The field is non, and the sky is brass.
 The beautiful land, thy glory and delight,
 Devour'd by Pagan foes before thy sight !
 But deeper woes thy tinted soul hath known,
 Thy conscience scar'd with fire, thy heart a stone
 Thine eye is dark beneath the day-beam's blaze,
 Thine ear is deafen'd to the song of praise,
 Thy back is bowed, thy tibia is a snare,
 Thy pity a sm, thy hope despair !

"And will the Lord of Mercy ne'er forgive?"
 Oh turn to me, my people, turn and live!
 My Israel, turn! thy murder'd Lord survey,
 I rend the veil, and wash thy guilt away
 My own, my ransomed Judah, doomed to prove
 A moment's wrath, and everlasting love!
 I, even I, will wipe thy streaming tears,
 And raise thy drooping head, and dissipate thy fears.
 I am thy God—thy Husband—thou art mine,
 Thy glory shall return—arise, and shine!
 From burning flames thy life do I redeem,
 My hand upholds thee through the swelling stream
 Thy darkest night with noontide splendour glows,
 Thy howling desert blossoms as the rose
 Thanksgiving, and the voice of melody,
 Burst from thy lip, and echo through the sky,
 As, Zion bound, thy homeward footsteps tread,
 With everlasting joy upon thy head!

Thou wert a chosen Vine, supremely fair,
 Placed by my hand and nourished by my care
 With watchful love I built a fortress round,
 Beam'd on thy head, and fertiliz'd the ground,
 But barren, wild, unprofitable still,
 No ripening fruit repaid my patient skill.
 In wrath I turned, and smote thy spreading boughs,
 Gave the wild cattle on thy leaves to browse,
 On thy bare trunk my storms and tempests hurled,
 A monument of vengeance to the world!

But I will graft thee with a nobler shoot,
And with heaven's dews revive thy fainting root ;
The wondering nations in thy shade shall meet,
To quaff the streams that murmur at thy feet ;
'Thy Moon the brightness of the Sun display,
While sevenfold lustre gilds the solar ray ;
And thou, far lovelier, dearer than before,
Beneath Jehovah's smile shalt bloom for evermore.

THOUGHTS AT NIGHT.



O THOU, whose piercing glance pervades
 The noon-tide blaze, the midnight shades,
 Encompassing the path I tread,
 Beneath the cheerful beam of day,
 And watching o'er my lonely bed,
 With broad ethereal buckler spread
 To chase each lurking foe away;
 Lord of my life! be with me now
 While sleep forsakes my throbbing brow,
 And in resistless billows lost,
 My weary soul seems tempest-toss'd.
 Be with me now. for thou hast been
 My guard through every checkered scene,
 Where memory lingers yet and weeps

O'er the wild maze my feet have trod,
 And still her faithful record keeps
 Of deepening dells, and toilsome steeps,
 And storms that drove me to my God.
 Beneath a strange and fearful lot
 My blinded spirit saw thee not :
 I deemed it harsh to dash away
 The brimming cup of earthly joy,
 And on the bloom of life's young May
 Bid the remorseless whirlwinds play
 To ravage and destroy.

Could this be love ? to bid me know
 The very bitterness of woe,
 To lead me in a desert path,
 Dark with the deepest frowns of wrath,
 To rend the bosom's dearest ties,
 To hide me from the kindred eyes
 With tenderness and pity beaming ;
 No smile of sympathy to cheer,
 No gentle hand to dry the tear,
 Of solitary anguish streaming ;
 Or, if a gleam of mercy shone
 In mortal mould, how quickly gone !
 A meteor on the midnight sky,
 Just born to glimmer and to die ;
 While years of sorrow sadly told,
 Still gathered blackness as they rolled.
 Could it be love that thus o'ercast
 The glow of nature where I passed,

And with an icy frown repress'd
 Each joyous throb that warmed my breast,
 Ling'ring a stern untimely blight
 On all the blossoms of delight?
 Yes, it was love — Thou, Lord, wert near
 To treasure up each secret tear,
 And on the softened heart engrave
 A lesson to reclaim and save
 My every earthly prop o'erthrown,
 I learned to rest on thee alone,
 And oh, the hope, the joy, the peace,
 Thy love upon my path hath shed,
 Since thou hast bid my doubting cease,
 And dried the tear, and raised the head
 The cloud, the tempest, still endure,
 And warring elements engage,
 But on Salvation's Rock secure
 I smile upon their feeble rage,
 For oh, my Lord! I know thee now, —
 The blast may rush, the billow rave,
 But who can harm the soul which thou
 Art swift to heal, and strong to save?
 The records of thy praise unfold
 Thy love and faithfulness of old,
 Firmer than giant rocks, that shoot
 Through earth their adamantine root,
 Thy truth and thy redeeming grace
 Unchanged, unchangeably abide,
 And thou hast sworn thou wilt not chace

One contrite sinner from the place
 Of safety by thy side
 Let earthly comfort's feeble ray
 Like shooting stars, to darkness fall
 But thou—the fount of endless day,
 My Saviour, thou art all in all
 And since thy saving health I know
 I would not bend to mortal woe
 From rising fears, that fun would blight
 The moment's peace, oh set me free
 Why should you pale soft lamp of mine
 That shin'st on all not shine for me
 And beam up light from above
 The tale of providential love
 That wells her wann, orb new
 Feeding it with exhaustless ray,
 And guiding with direction true
 Upon her pathless way
 Why should I turn a sickening eye
 From scenes thy bounteous fingers deck'd
 The gleams of pristine majesty,
 Yet lingering on creation's wreck
 While all thy works bespeak thy praise,
 'Tis meet a thankful song to raise
 'Tis meet, O Lord, to cast my care
 On thee, who wilt the burden bear,
 And own the ills I now survey,
 Sufficient to the passing day
 And should a darker season come

And fiercer storms upon me burst,
I trust thy love, I trust thy power,
To answer in that helpless hour,
The hope thy promise nursed.

THE END

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